

# female HELL in paramundo

by procter baldwin



**Female Hell**  
**in**  
**PARAMUNDO**

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# 1

## Jacinta

The young woman's name was Jacinta Maira de Falcón y Riaza. She was in love. In love with a man, and in love with the revolution he stood for. The man's name was Ramón Díaz. Broad-shouldered, rugged-visaged, Ramón was a man of the people. And the revolution? - that was to overthrow the brutal regime of Generalísimo Sancho Sandoval.

This explains why the aristocratic Jacinta was to be found on that day in a squalid house in the slums of Veragonza, capital of the Central American state of Paramundo. For surely her true habitat was the palaces and villas and estate houses of her wealthy father and his rich friends, all loyal supporters of the Generalísimo.

Ramón had won her away from there. She was a great prize for him, a trophy. She made him respected amongst his brothers of the revolution. Not only was Jacinta the daughter of the enemy, but she was beautiful. Stunningly so.

She was not tall, but her lithe, firm-fleshed body and confident movements made her seem so. She was full-hipped and full-breasted. The long tight skirts she habitually wore emphasized the split-peach of her bottom, and her sharp gestures jounced her breasts eye-catchingly under her close-tailored blouses. The mass of her dusky hair was caught up behind her neck and spilled down her back. Her long face expressed pride to the tip of her long pretty nose. Her eyes could blaze fury in one moment and dissolve into pools of enigmatic depth and inviting treachery the next. And her mouth would spit fury, shocking in its assault, then suddenly fasten with alarming lust on another's lips.

In a word, Jacinta was capricious.

Ramón Díaz had stood this for a long time, longer than he would have done for any other woman. But there were times when even a prize as valuable as Jacinta

Maira de Falcón y Riaza was too much to bear.

And this was one of those times.

“Lazy, wastrel, good-for-nothing son of a peasant,” she was berating him. “Left to you the revolution would get nowhere. You make me do it all. The rich have to make their own revolution, do they? Do it all for you, do they? Hand it on a plate to you? Indolent, worthless, coward! What would you do if Sandoval himself came in here now? Fight? Kill him? No. Kneel down and offer your neck, that’s what you would do. ¡Maldito hombre!” She tossed her head defiantly at him, paused momentarily for breath, then began again.

Ramón wasn’t listening. He’d heard it all before. He was waiting the moment to act. It had become a routine. In a moment he would stride across the room and slap her face hard.

She would react in one of two ways. Either she would glare at him in fury for a second, then leap forward and throw herself on him, kissing and biting him and dragging down the zip of his blue-jeans. Or she would glare at him in the same way, but leap on him with tearing clawed fingers, savaging him viciously. In both cases the end was the same: violent lovemaking on the floor, across the table, in bed.

Ramón took a deep breath, sighed resignedly, and began to walk towards her. Her voice rose in pitch, in anticipation of what he was going to do. But unexpectedly he stopped. He held up his hand.

“Shut your mouth, woman!” he hissed.

So surprised was Jacinta by this that she did indeed stop. Or perhaps she was momentarily alarmed by the tone of his voice. His head was on one side, listening. She listened too.

A truck approached up the hill.

Even in the slums of Veragonza trucks were common enough, but they both recognized the sound of this one. It was a heavy army truck.

“Wait here,” Ramón growled. He strode across the room, opened the street door a fraction and looked out. “¡Mierda!” he said, slammed the door, and ran past Jacinta, almost knocking her over.

He ran into the back room, and she heard the window thrown open. At the same moment came the clatter of heavy boots on the cobbles outside. “My god,” she said, “Ramón, wait for me!”

It was too late.

A rifle butt smashed through the flimsy wood of the street door, and the bulky forms of Sandoval’s soldiers thrust their way into the house. Quickly they seized Jacinta, twisted her round, dragged her arms behind her back and snapped handcuffs on her wrists.

One of the soldiers, a tubby sergeant, wandered into the back room and reappeared, grinning. “The bird has flown,” he said. He seized Jacinta’s chin in his big hand and tilted her head so that he could look into her face. “But he left his pretty little chick behind.”

The three other soldiers laughed. Jacinta tried to twist out of the arms of the two

who held her. “¡Cerdos! ¡Malditos bastardos! Leave me alone,” she shouted. “It will be the worse for you if I am harmed!”

The tubby sergeant took both her breasts in his hands and squeezed them hard - hard enough to make her squeal. She turned on him and spat in his face. Momentarily his expression changed to a scowl. He wiped his face slowly with his sleeve. “Thank you, Señorita. An honor for a poor man to be spat on by an aristocratic slut.” He grinned at her again. “Turn the bitch round. Let me feel her ass. Feel the ass Sandoval will soon have his cock up!”

In spite of Jacinta’s struggles she found herself spun round and bent over at the waist. Big hands squeezed her bottom-cheeks. She tried to kick back, but her tight skirt prevented her.

“Come,” said the sergeant, “we’ll all have a good feel. Maybe Sandoval will let us fuck her when he’s finished with her. He is a good leader. He throws his leftovers to the common soldiers. Did you know that, bitch?”

Jacinta jerked herself into an upright position. Over her shoulder she shouted at the sergeant, “You don’t know what you’re doing! My father is Don José! Don José Maira Espinosa! Don’t you understand?”

A new voice behind her spoke. “We know that, slut. We don’t make mistakes.” The voice was low and husky, but unmistakably a woman’s voice.

The soldiers straightened up. The tubby sergeant came to attention. “Careful, Mi Comandante. This one spits.”

“They all spit. Gag her.”

Jacinta was turned to face the woman. She was tall, slender but powerful, firm-muscled. She wore a military tunic, white gloves, a tight dark skirt, and jackboots. Her black hair, coiled up behind her head was covered by a peaked cap. She removed her sunglasses revealing deep blue eyes, searching, probing eyes. One glance was enough to throw her opponent into despair. She was a woman so assured, so fearless, she had no need to conceal her thoughts from anyone.

One of the soldiers tried to thrust a big plug gag into Jacinta’s mouth. She turned away, avoiding it.

“I know you, Ana Sandoval, you cow!” she said, glaring in fury at the woman. “You won’t get away with this. My father -” But Jacinta’s voice abruptly stopped. The soldier succeeded in cramming the big plastic gag between her lips, forcing her jaws wide open. Jacinta felt her teeth click into a groove at the front of the gag, making it hard for her to spit it out even before its leather strap had been fastened around her head.

Comandante Sandoval approached, removing the glove from her right hand. Without warning she slapped Jacinta’s face hard.

“On the contrary, my little slut,” she said. “We shall certainly get away with it. Your father, Don José, himself offered you to the Generalísimo to save his own skin. Do you know what a problem you were to him, joining in with the ragamuffin revolution? Rather than lose his estates, his contracts, his position, he gave you up.

And not just you! Just think, because of you your poor innocent sister, still in the convent school, will soon enter the Palacio Zorrilla's special prison."

Before Jacinta could take in the full anguish of what this meant, Comandante Sandoval said, "Take the slut out to the truck."

The soldiers began to drag Jacinta towards the street door.

"No, wait," ordered the Comandante. "This one will run if she gets a chance. Hobble her."

The sergeant waved at one of the men, who opened a pouch on his waist belt and took out a pair of manacles joined by a short chain. He knelt and fastened the cuffs around Jacinta's ankles.

The Comandante glanced out of the door. "Quite a crowd has collected to see you. I think we should give them something to look at, don't you? Give me your bayonet, soldier."

Jacinta shrunk back, but the Comandante leaned forward and put the blade of the bayonet to the hem of the prisoner's skirt. In one movement she slashed the garment to her waist, splitting it open and revealing her lace-frilled white panties. She handed back the bayonet before reaching out and ripping Jacinta's blouse open. She jerked down one of the cups of her bra, spilling her left breast out.

She paused. "One tit, will that satisfy the crowd, sergeant?"

The tubby sergeant raised his eyebrows and turned the corners of his mouth down. "Two would be better, Mi Comandante."

"Why did I know you would say that?" Comandante Sandoval tugged down the other cup, and Jacinta was dragged bare-breasted into the street.

There was indeed a crowd there. A grinning, jeering crowd of peasants, poor folk, old men and little boys, all wide-eyed and leering at the half-naked girl. Someone threw a stone, meant not for the soldiers but for her.

But Jacinta scarcely noticed. She had seen one face amongst the crowd, towards the back. Ramón Diaz. And he hadn't come to rescue her.

He'd come to leer.

The street, little more than an alley between ramshackle, unstable wooden huts, led upwards to one of the broad motor-roads the Generalísimo had forced through Paramundo's unruly slums. Jacinta stumbled on the cobbles, half-dragged along by the two big soldiers holding her arms on either side. The crowd followed her. Small boys ran alongside the group, pointing at her naked breasts. "¡Vaya tetas más grandes!" they shouted. "Look at the puta's panties!"

One boy ran over and pinched her bottom. The soldiers did nothing to stop him. Emboldened, another ran up and pinched her. Then another and yet another. Jacinta turned on them in fury, screeching through the gag. The tubby sergeant grinned. "Let them have their fun. See how good Sandoval is to them!"

Up on the tarmac road an army truck and a jeep were waiting for them. Jacinta was almost relieved to see it. Once inside she would at least get away from these



little wasps that were stinging her.

An erect young woman wearing the uniform of the Guardia Femeninda stood beside it, talking to the driver. The Guardias looked after the prison Sandoval had built next to his Palacio Zorilla; everyone called them Sandoval's Whores. She marched to the rear of the truck to meet the prisoner. In her hand she carried a snatch-staff, an open collar attached to the end of a meter-long pole.

Without a word she raised the staff and skillfully snapped the collar around Jacinta's neck. The soldiers released Jacinta's arms. She tried to pull herself away, but the woman stared at her with half-closed eyes and adjusted the snatch-staff's trigger, tightening the collar around the prisoner's neck. Jacinta, half-strangled, gurgled, shook her head, gave up the struggle.

Another of the boys ran up and pinched her bottom. The Guardia unhooked a many-fringed whip from her waist-belt and waved it at the boys. They desisted, and the crowd backed away. So did several of the soldiers. Sandoval's Whores they might be, but no-one argued with the Guardias Femeninas.

Comandante Sandoval strode past towards the jeep. "We have much to do. Get the slut aboard, Cabo"

"Sí, Comandante. Immediately."

Quite unable to climb the short ladder up to the tailgate of the truck, Jacinta found herself lifted bodily upwards by the soldiers. When the rags of her long black skirt became caught up, the Guardia unconcernedly slashed the fabric with a knife, stripping it away, and leaving the girl naked from the waist, but for her tiny panties.

From a safe distance the crowd hooted and whistled their appreciation. "¡Qué culo!"

Jacinta tossed her head defiantly at them, but they only whistled the more. She was glad when a moment later she was lost to sight inside the truck.

Lost to sight to the rabble, perhaps. But when she had accustomed herself to the dark interior she found three pairs of eyes looking at her. Three women were seated at the far end of the truck, two on benches on the left side and one on the right. All three were gagged like herself, and it seemed to her that they sat in a strangely upright way. But she had no time to concern herself about it. The Guardia thrust her forward by means of the snatch-staff until she stood next to the single girl on the right of the truck.

"Sit, puta," ordered the Guardia.

The benches were divided up by triangular shaped pieces of wood into what seemed like individual seats. But there was not enough room between the girl and the next divider. Pushed by the snatch-staff and unbalanced by the truck jerking into motion, Jacinta sat in the next space along.

"No, imbécil," the Guardia hissed, tightening the collar viciously. "You don't sit between the ridges. You sit on them. Do you think this is a tourist bus?"

Wide-eyed with fury, her hands twisted into claws behind her back, silently vowing revenge, but unable even to struggle against the snatch-staff's iron grip,

Jacinta raised herself and sat delicately down on the ridge.

The snatch-staff tightened again. "Right on the ridge, puta, so that the edge fits in your cunt. Deep in your cunt!" She waved the whip at her. "Do it!" she hissed. "Do it, or you feel this on those big round tits of yours."

Jacinta shook her head. This was too much to bear. And the inevitable happened: the whip slashed across her breasts, back and forth, stinging the tender flesh. The girl was expert in its use.

Jacinta sat on the sharp ridge just as she had been told. With her feet on the floor of the truck she could relieve her weight enough so that the ridge did not hurt too much.

"Good. You are learning. You will learn fast." The girl beckoned to the two soldiers who had lifted the prisoner into the truck. "You, fix her in place."

The soldiers needed no second bidding. Young men with obvious bulges in the crotch of their uniform pants, they clearly relished their task. On the steel sides of the truck behind each ridge bar dangled steel loops. Quickly one of the soldiers opened the larger loop, which fitted snugly around her waist. He would not have been human if at the same time he had not taken the opportunity to run his hands over Jacinta's thighs.

At the same time the other soldier snapped the upper loop around her neck, not, inevitably, neglecting to squeeze those inviting breasts. The Guardia made no comment, allowing the men as much pleasure as they wished. She unclipped the snatch-staff, and walked to the back of the swaying truck. She sat down on the bench. Not on a ridge.

Jacinta found herself forced by the hoops into a bolt upright position, just like the other three girls. All the same she could half-raise herself from the seat, in spite of the motion of the truck, so that the position was more uncomfortable than painful.

But then both soldiers reached under the bench, and jerked her feet off the floor, hooking the hobble-chain up against the truck side. Now she had no way to prevent herself being firmly settled on the hard ridged bar. Only a pair of flimsy lace panties came between her tender pussy and the wood.

And it hurt.

The engine of the truck growled on as the vehicle wound its way up the hill. After a time it stopped. The soldiers got out. The Guardia got out. The prisoners were left alone.

Jacinta looked at the three other girls. One who sat opposite her, almost as naked as she was, was a girl she knew vaguely. She had been at school with her, she thought. The one sitting next to herself she could not turn her neck to see, though their bodies were tight pressed together. The other one, fully clothed and wearing jeans, was sobbing pitifully. What had she got to cry about, thought Jacinta. At least the others, half stripped as they were, breasts naked, legs bared - the girl she had been to school with had even lost her panties - were dry-eyed and



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stoical. True aristos. The weeping one looked to her like she was the daughter of one of the parvenu families, people with money, but without the least idea how to behave.

But, Jacinta thought, at least there are no mestizas amongst them. Those slutish half-Spanish, half-Indian girls, suitable only as servants, wives of peasants, whores. It was not much comfort, but surely the Generalísimo's prison inmates would be confined to women of class?

At the very moment she thought this, she heard a commotion outside. A crowd had gathered. She heard the jeering, the whistling, the catcalls. She heard Ana Sandoval's voice.

A moment later the Guardia climbed into the truck, dragging behind her a girl on her snatch-staff. After her three more girls were lifted into the vehicle, each chained by the neck to each other. All were gagged, and manacled at wrist and ankle. Two had been all but stripped naked. The other two were bare-breasted.

They were beautiful, each one, with striking features and striking figures. They were dark-eyed and their thick, coarse, lovely hair cascaded down their backs. Their breasts were full, round, heavy, rosy-tipped. Their bellies were flat and shapely.

The first one sat heavily against Jacinta, squealing as the ridge bar forced its way between her cunt-lips.

Jacinta's heart sank. This was the worst.

All the newcomers were mestizas. They couldn't mean to mix aristos and half-breeds. The Generalísimo wouldn't allow it. Would he?

The truck started off. There were still many places to fill along the benches.

## 2

# Sotorriego

The city of Villa Rica, capital of Sotorriego, could scarcely have been more of a contrast to Veragonza. The Spanish-Colonial houses and winding streets of the old town were neat and clean and thronged with American tourists. The shops were full of leather goods and silver trinkets; hand-woven Indian textiles hung next to flimsy summer clothes in bright cottons on revolving stands topped with US flags. Placards in English: “American spoken here”, “US dollars welcome”, “Free entry - Come in and look around”, enticed the visitor to spend.

Tourists paused briefly among the shops and booths to admire whitewashed churches standing in little squares with fountains playing, before admiring the handbags and necklaces further up the street. Bars sold spicy meat pies, tacos, and ice-cream, and everywhere you went you heard the sound of guitars and marimbas.

Two girls, Rachelle and Laura, touring Central America during their vacation from college, were particularly entranced. Flitting from shop to shop like summer butterflies from flower to flower, laughing and happy in the brilliant sunshine, they drew the eyes of the male tourists and the Sotorriegan men longingly after them.

Both were eating ice-cream from paper cups, their pink tongues darting from their mouths to lick up melting pats of the sweet substance and suck the creamy white froth off their lips. The material of Rachelle’s thin pale top was stretched over her large round breasts, and left her midriff exposed above a pair of fraying blue shorts, while her companion Laura wore a T-shirt bearing the logo of Van Burgh college (motto: Van Burgh P A - Hey Hey, Van Burgh all the way) over her conical, pointed breasts, above a tight short skirt that threatened continually to ride up her thighs as far as her panties, but never quite revealed them.

Finishing her ice-cream and tossing the paper carton into the gutter, Laura

perched her sunglasses up on top of her blonde hair, revealing as she did so a pair of wide soft blue eyes. "Wow, look at this!" she cried, pulling out a T-shirt from a stand to show Rachele. "What d'ya think of this!"

"Hey, famous!" shrieked Rachele. The T-shirt depicted a scurrilously drawn Generalísimo Sandoval of Paramundo with his pants down.

"Unreal! What does it say below the picture?"

"Um... Don't know. Something Spanish."

"I thought you knew Spanish."

"Yeah. But this is kind of slang."

"I know - how much is it? - we can take it back to Van Burgh and ask Felipe Sandoval what it says about his uncle!"

"Screamy! But he won't tell you. He's a creep. He'll blush and go shy on you."

"He'll blush when we tell him what we think of Paramundo."

"Yeah, what a dump!" said Rachele, throwing her ice-cream carton down emphatically. "I'll never go back there again."

"No, me neither. Scarifying hole!"

Rachele pulled a pair of red and white silky harem pants off the stand. "These are nice."

"Yeah, this is good too," said Laura, holding a top against herself. "Look at the label. Can't be real at that price!"

"There's this too!" (A pair of embroidered jeans.)

"I like that. And this - what about this?" (A blue tunic top with gold buttons)

A voice behind them spoke. "Nice changing room inside, Señoritas. All good clothes. You look good in them all. Try on." The shopkeeper was in his shirtsleeves; he was middle aged, short and plump, with an ingratiating smile and a wheedling voice.

Rachele looked inside the shop. It was crowded with goods and illuminated showcases. It was brightly lit and inviting. She glanced at Laura who nodded. "You have good stuff here," she said, going in past the man.

"Ye-es," he said. "Very good. All good stuff. The best inside. And cheap. Not many dollars."

The girls disappeared into the interior of the shop.

Not once had they noticed the two men in drab suits and straw Panama hats eating empanadas at a stall further up the street. But the two men had been watching them very carefully.

The shopkeeper handed more clothes to his new customers: "Try this, and this. Feel this, lovely. For a lovely young girl. Only the best."

The two girls escaped into the changing booth, which was satisfyingly substantial, and to their surprise had a door which bolted. They had expected nothing more than a curtain around which the shopkeeper would come leering at the most delicate moment. The long mirror too seemed to have nothing concealed behind it. The girls threw the garments onto a chair and began to slip off their outer clothes.

The shopkeeper, whose name was Leopoldo Olivares, waddled quickly round behind his counter. He sat down, slid a wooden partition across just below the till, and began to watch a small video monitor.

He checked that the tape was recording, then, with one eye on the shop door, he gazed happily at the sight of two girls undressing. The one called Laura had already taken off her T-shirt, and after a moment's hesitation, unclipped her bra. Leopoldo sighed with pleasure. Her breasts were neat cones, not small, but so firm that they scarcely bobbed at all when Laura leaned over to pick up a top and raised her arms over her head to put it on. Such lively big pink nipples. Leopoldo blessed the day he had got rid of his black and white system and invested in a color monitor.

He turned his attention to Rachele. So tight were her frayed denim shorts that she could scarcely push them down over her hips. When she did so her panties came down with them, and Leopoldo was rewarded with the sight of her lovely round hindquarters, twin ellipses separated by a deep and inviting valley. She was in no hurry to pull up her panties either, but bent right over to pull her shorts off.

So absorbed did Leopoldo become in the delicious sights on his monitor (had he not seen so many such sights - did he not have a library of tapes?) that when a shadow passed over him and heavy knuckles rapped on the counter top, he jumped so abruptly that he all but fell off his stool.

A man wearing a drab grey suit and a straw Panama hat was leaning over the counter. His fellow was closing and latching the shop door before pulling the blind down.

"So, Leopoldo, what is on your television today? Something very good, I think."

Leopoldo put his hand over his heart. "Oh, Señor Escobar - you gave me a surprise."

The other man came round behind the counter. "That's them," he said curtly.

"You want these two, Señor Valdés?"

"You have an objection?"

"No, no, of course not..."

"You know who pays the bills, Leopoldo. Who buys your stock and pays your extravagances."

A look of fear came over Leopoldo's fleshy face. The long arm of Generalísimo Sandoval stretched secretly well inside Sotorriego.

"Yes, yes, I am always in the Generalísimo's debt. But" - his glance returned to the screen - "can't it wait a moment more, they have only just begun..."

It was true. On the screen Laura had stripped off the top, and, naked to the waist, she was rummaging through the pile of clothes Leopoldo had presented her with. And Rachele, taking off the pants she had tried on had kicked off her panties as well, finding them a nuisance.

"Leopoldo, Leopoldo," said Escobar chidingly, "haven't you seen such sights so many times? We are on business. Time is money, as the Yanqui's say. Go and get everything ready."

Valdés was already at the changing room door. He pushed it sharply with the heel of his hand, and the secure-looking bolt inside sprang apart as it had been designed to do.

The door swung inwards.

Valdés had chosen his moment well. Rachele had her back to the door and was tugging a pair of embroidered jeans halfway up her legs. Laura had pulled a new top over her head and was blind to what was happening. Valdés stepped forward and clamped his hand over Rachele's mouth. Escobar, entering behind him, seized the loose cloth of the garment Laura was putting on and twisted it tight, trapping her arms and wrapping her face at the same time.

For a brief second there was silence, then simultaneously, Valdés kicked the door of the booth shut, and both girls screamed.

Behind Valdés' hand Rachele could make little sound. But Laura's voice was only a little muffled. It was a good job the changing booth was soundproofed. But the Generalísimo prepared for everything, even if he did have to think everything out for himself.

Now the struggle began. Both girls were young and healthy and strong. Rachele tried to twist out of Valdés' grip; not an easy thing to do, hampered as she was by the tight jeans around her knees.

Laura, with her arms trapped, could do little more than throw her weight against her unexpected adversary and try to knock him over. Which naturally didn't succeed.

What can two almost naked girls do against two strong and experienced adversaries?

Valdés pushed Rachele up against the wall, grabbed her wrists, avoiding hands now crooked like claws to scratch and tear at his flesh. He dragged them down behind her back, and took them in one hand, while securing them with handcuffs with the other. Rachele, her mouth unclamped, was screeching aloud for help, yelling abuse at her captor, and issuing threats, all apparently at the same time. Still pressing her against the wall, Valdés bent down and picked up her discarded panties. He balled them, and thrust the tight bundle skilfully into her mouth. Rachele's yelling stopped with an abrupt "-erk!". Taking a length of cord from his suit pocket he wound it around her head, holding the panties firmly in place.

Escobar had lost his hat in the struggle with the twisting, jerking, kicking Laura. "Aren't you the lively one," he said. And then, when Laura unbalanced him again and pushed him against the wall of the booth, "We've got a jumper here."

Valdés was a man of few words. He shrugged, kicked Rachele's legs from under her so that she slid down the wall and fell heavily to the floor, and turned to help Escobar. He took a leather strap from his pants pocket, seized Laura's legs around the thighs, and looped the strap about her knees. Buckled tight a second later, the strap prevented further kicking, and it was Laura now who lost her balance. As she fell Escobar tore off the top that had trammelled her movements, and Valdés took her arms, twisting them mercilessly behind her back and wrapping the wrists



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with another leather strap.

Now it was Laura's turn to shout. "Stop, dammit, leave me alone, let me go", that sort of thing, though she scarcely knew what she was saying. It was all in vain anyway. Escobar took a pear-shaped gag out of his suit pocket and thrust it into her mouth. A moment later, the strap secured around her head, her cries ceased completely.

All that remained was to fasten Rachelle's ankles together after stripping off the impediment of her jeans.

Leopoldo opened the door. "All is ready, Señores." He looked sadly at the two girls squirming in their bonds on the floor. He shook his head. It wasn't what was about to happen to them that saddened him. It was the loss of so much good video footage. The garments he had plied them with were scattered everywhere. He picked some up despondently.

"Oh, Señores, if only you had waited a little longer," he said.

His voice sounded so downhearted that Escobar burst out laughing. He clapped Leopoldo on the back. "Never mind, amigo, there will be many more chicas in your little studio for you to watch. These two are needed elsewhere, by an Exalted Personality."

"Yes, yes, the Generalísimo, I know. But a few more minutes... These girls were good."

"Hisst! Mention no names. But you have admit the Exalted Personality has good taste."

Valdés dragged two large canvas bags into the room. "Are you going to chat all day like old women? Give me a hand."

Leopoldo unzipped one of the bags which opened flat on the floor. Thick padding quilted the inside. Valdés and Escobar between them lifted Rachelle and dropped her down with a thump on her stomach in the middle of the bag. Valdés tied rope between her manacles and her bound ankles and pulled her legs up until her wrists and ankles were together. He roped her knees together.

Escobar put his hand in her yellow-blond hair and lifted her head up so that he could look into her face. Rachelle glared back at him, her lips working angrily around the panties stuffed in her mouth. "This is one sweet little cunt," he said. "I could take her myself right now."

"Get on with it," growled Valdés. "You know what would happen if you touched her."

Escobar grimaced and let Rachelle's head drop. He unzipped a pocket in the big bag and took out a leather face mask. It too was thick and padded like the bag. He fastened part of it over the lower half of Rachelle's face; it covered her mouth and jaw, and buckled once at the back of her neck and once behind her head. He drew up the rest over her head, smothering her face completely with black leather, leaving only a cut-out for her nose, and two more for the two blue eyes that peered

at him, darkened with malice.

Valdés trussed her arms together at the elbows, then, professing himself satisfied with the tightness of her bonds, he and Escobar pulled the sides of the bag up around the helpless girl and zipped it up.

“You, Leopoldo,” said Valdés, “finish fastening the straps around this bag.”

Leopoldo had been wringing his hands, watching the two men efficiently preparing the big-breasted blonde. He knelt to his task, muttering to himself.

Laura’s turn came next. She too was dumped on her belly on the other opened bag. Valdés tied her still kicking ankles together. Her short skirt had ridden up, and her little thong panties could now clearly be seen, where before they had only promised. Escobar knelt beside her and took the sides of the tiny garment and pulled it quickly halfway down her thighs. Laura squirmed and twisted, trying to prevent him, but her movements made it a little easier for him.

Valdés rolled his eyes. “Can’t you take the job seriously? This isn’t playtime.”

Escobar grinned, taking out another face mask. “Her braguitas have to come down some time. Why not now?”

With the same speed and facility with which they had prepared Rachelle, they completed the job on Laura, hog-tying her, and trussing her into a tight bundle before wrapping the thick canvas bag around her and fastening the outside straps.

A few minutes later the shop door was unlatched the blind rolled up, and Leopoldo was open for business again.

A draught briefly caused some of the cottons to flutter and rattled the silver trinkets as the back door to the shop opened. Two men in grey suits and straw Panama hats stepped out into the alleyway behind. A long wide strap passed over each man’s shoulder, supporting obviously quite heavy canvas bags. The bags were longer than they were broad, had multiple straps, and were obviously made for some special purpose. But quite what that was not easy to discern.

Rachelle, enveloped in her stuffy, hot cocoon, tried to make out where she was going. How many steps this way, sounds of traffic, or music. She’d heard such things were important so that the police could somehow trace her. But it was hopeless. At first she felt herself being carried, bumping against someone’s hip: one of the men who had abducted her, presumably. She heard traffic, she heard music, she heard voices. She tried to scream for help, to squirm and twist in the bag so that someone would hear her.

But the bag was too swaddling, too carefully designed. She could not move, she could not make a sound that could be heard. She could only lie suspended in darkness.

Eventually she was thrown into the back of a vehicle. Something else landed beside her. Laura, she supposed. At least they were together. Though how that helped she couldn’t imagine.

A lid slammed over their heads, so the vehicle was an auto and they were in the

trunk. She tried to

count the seconds, the minutes, so that she could tell how long they had driven. But it was hopeless.

A hopeless nightmare.

She was dumped down. Everything was still. Had she been asleep? The zip opened, and she blinked in the sudden blinding light. She was in a room that smelled of beef soup and corn bread. She was laid on a table. A woman was leaning over her. She had thick black hair and gold earrings, her skin was deep-toned, and her features betrayed that she was Indian. She was not young, and she was plump. But she was attractive, and she was smiling.

For one brief exhilarating moment, Rachele believed she had been rescued.

But then one of the men who had abducted her loomed over her shoulder. "Well, Eufrasia," he said, "what do you think of her."

"She is the right girl, Señor Escobar. That is good."

They moved away. A moment later Rachele heard a long zip-fastener being pulled, and when with difficulty she turned her head to look, she saw on a table beside her her friend Laura appear from inside a canvas bag just like the one she had been carried in. Her face was covered in a leather mask, but the two girls eyes met. Laura had been crying.

The woman Eufrasia was flicking through the contents of a wallet. Laura's wallet. She said, "This is the right one also." She sighed happily. "We shall be paid."

Escobar slapped her on the bottom. "There, Eufrasia, is the difference between you and me. For you it is all a matter of money. For me the reward is in a job well done."

Eufrasia laughed and pushed him away with the flat of her hand against his chest. "You always take the money. I have seen you."

Escobar shrugged. "A man must eat."

Rachele couldn't believe it. Here she was trussed up like an animal, and they were joking and laughing. What kind of people were these whose hands she had fallen into? And had she heard that shopkeeper say the word "Generalísimo"?

The other man entered the room. He looked at his wristwatch and growled, "Haven't you even started? Look at the time. We have to be over the border by midnight. Two hundred miles."

"There's plenty of time, Señor Valdés," said Eufrasia. "The crates are prepared. All we have to do is load the chicas into them, and you have a nice easy drive."

For the first time Rachele saw the crates. They stood propped against the wall opposite. But they looked far too small to contain a girl.

Escobar lifted the cover off one. Inside it was padded with foam, and fitted with steel rings and steel buckles and leather straps. With a sinking heart she saw the two men pick up Laura from the table and carry her across to it.

A knife appeared in Valdés' hand and he flicked open the blade. Wide-eyed Rachele watched him cut the rope that joined her companion's wrists to her ankles. Eufrasia knelt down and held her legs against herself, preventing Laura from twisting away, while Valdés sliced through the waistband of her little skirt and through the side-pieces of her thong-panties, and unceremoniously ripped off her remaining garments and tossed them aside.

He fastened a collar around her throat, and he and Escobar unfastened her hands and buckled a heavy leather strap around each wrist. They turned her over and clipped the straps together so that her hands were joined in front of her naked body.

Now the masked girl began to struggle violently. It took the three of them to lift her and push her into the open crate. It was only long enough to take her from head to hips, so she had to half-sit in it, her bound legs hanging over the side. Rachele watched in growing dismay. They unclipped Laura's wrist straps and fastened her wrists to the back of the crate, one on each side of her head. The rings at each side of the collar snapped into already placed catches at neck height, and thick leather straps fastened over her belly, under her breasts, and across her shoulders.

Laura was fixed in place, but they hadn't finished with her. Her legs were unbound, new straps were wrapped around them above her knees and at her ankles. Then each leg was drawn up beside her body, the knees attached to rings right up by her shoulders, the ankles pulled back and fixed beside her hips, leaving her wide-open to everyone's eyes.

Rachele was shocked to see her friend so exposed. Both Laura and she shaved their pussies. It was the fashion at Van Burgh. But to see her so open and exhibited! She wanted to look away, but she could not.

She could only watch in horror what they did next.

Eufrasia brought a small wooden box over and opened it. Inside were two long metal objects, each ringed along the whole length with narrow bands. Escobar took the smaller of the two objects, and held it up in front of Laura's eyes. "Where do you think this goes? I'll bet you want to know! Or perhaps you don't. But you'll find out anyway!"

"Just get on with it," said Valdés.

Grinning hugely, Escobar pressed the tapered tip of the object against Laura's ass-hole. And pushed.

Even from where she was lying Rachele could see the poor girl's ass-hole being forced open around each band along its length, and contracting each time a band passed inside her.

Her heart was beating fast, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy for Laura's fate. Yet she could scarcely imagine that hers would be any different.

The second object was appreciably larger than the first, and Escobar had some difficulty inserting its deep ridges into her cunt. Or perhaps he was enjoying the sight of her stretched cunt and ass-hole too much to hurry over it. Eufrasia looked on with more than common interest, her eyes wide and an eager expression on her



face; and even Valdés did not grumble over the length of time he took.

At last, once Laura had been completely impaled and only the blunt ends of the metal dildos could be seen, they fixed them firmly in place with a network of custom-designed leather straps.

But they were still not finished with the girl. Through a hole in the side of the crate long electrical wires were threaded. Valdés cut away the insulation with his knife and bared the ends several of the wires and attached them to the blunt end of the dildos. Two other wires bore metal spring-clips at their ends. Escobar took hold of each of Laura's firm conical breasts in turn and snapped the clips onto her long nipples. Rachele heard her squeals even behind the thick leather mask she wore. The other end of each of these wires fitted into terminals on a metal box on the outside of the crate.

Valdés at length seemed satisfied that all was in place.

"Now my little slut," said Escobar, "we will show you how this works. The Exalted Personality who has asked for your presence, has deigned that you should be entertained on the journey. Or at least, that you should not be bored." He paused, grinning down at the girl. "When my colleague presses the button on the box it sets a timing device. When it switches itself on, your dildos will vibrate. Just like they are doing now."

Rachele could hear them working, and anyway she could tell from the movements of Laura's body that the vibrators were functioning.

"Sometimes the timer will switch a different circuit on. Then hundreds of volts will pass through your tits and through the dildos. Don't worry, it won't kill you, just keep you awake a little bit. Ah, I see you have already found out."

Laura's body, restrained though it was, shook and trembled with such fierceness that Rachele wanted to cry out, "Savages! Savages! What kind of people are you!"

But she couldn't.

She could only watch with dread in her belly. She knew that she would not escape the same fate.

Escobar lifted up the top to Laura's crate. "But I should tell you as well," he said, "that sometimes the vibrators will come on, and sometimes the electric current, and sometimes both together. There's no way to tell when. Except that it happens more and more often the longer you are in the crate."

Then he closed the crate, leaving Laura in darkness and fear.

The woman Eufrosia turned to Rachele. "I hope you've been watching carefully, my lovely. It's your turn now."

Hours later a small Mercedes truck bucked along a narrow road through thick jungle towards the frontier. The headlights blazed. There was no need to trouble themselves about the Sotorriegan frontier guards. They had been paid well to be in another place at that time.

Valdés drove in silence, but Escobar was singing at the top of his voice a

Paramundan folk-song, one about a goat and a goose.

And so the truck and its cargo passed unnoticed over the border into Paramundo.

### 3

## The Prison at the Palacio Zorrilla

Later, much later, the big army truck halted for the last time. Gates and bars slammed and clanged. A soldier's voice shouted an order. The engine stopped. In the silence the frightened girls looked at each other and wondered.

By now their numbers had grown. Each place had been filled. The twenty wedge-shaped rails across the benches each now supported the seat of a very uncomfortable young woman. A few were full-blooded Indians, most were mixed-race mestizas. One or two were pure Spanish-Latinas like Jacinta.

All were young. Most had been roughed up, their clothes torn, their hair tousled. All were tied and firmly gagged with mouth-filling gags. Jacinta wondered how many had been marched like her half-naked through the streets and alleys, a spectacle for others. Only one of them appeared to be fully dressed, and she was the sobbing Latina who sat in the corner opposite. Even the skirt on her neat suit had not been torn or even pulled up like all the others, so that though she sat on the wedge rail - she had not been spared that - the material of her clothes protected her from its worst effects.

Jacinta, her own cunt hurting, bruised from every movement of the truck along Paramundo's pot-holed roads, looked at her resentfully. What had she got to cry about? Everyone else in the truck was in a worse state than her. True, not every eye was as dry as Jacinta's. And every face showed apprehension for what was about to happen. None of them knew exactly what went on in the Generalísimo's prison - for that was where they certainly were - though in Paramundo you couldn't help hearing stories.

Jacinta dismissed the sobbing girl from her mind with the simple epithet, Mouse. That was the word she used for any woman who hadn't the same spirit as she herself. Mouse. In any case she had other things to trouble her. She took it as a

personal insult that she had been mixed in the same vehicle as mestizas and Indians. Not only that, but pressed up against one of them. She shuddered, but there was nothing she could do about it, no way she could move away from the offending shoulder.

The tailboard of the truck was dropped with a crash that made all of the girls jump. The canvas screen closing the back of the truck was thrown open and bright sunlight flooded in.

All eyes turned to the soldier who jumped up into the truck. A second and a third soldier followed him. For a moment they leered around at the seated girls, before setting to work, opening the collars and waist belts that held them firmly in place, to release them from their uncomfortable seats. They dragged the first mestiza to her feet, her ankles still bound, her wrists bound in back, and lifted her to the rear of the vehicle. For a moment she stood unsteadily there, looking as if she was about to topple over; then one of the soldiers pushed her firmly in the small of her back. She plummeted out of sight, shrieking.

All the girls remaining shivered with fear.

One by one the soldiers released the girls, pushing each one bodily out of the truck. Helpless, Jacinta watched the men move closer to her. Not once did they fail to take advantage of each young woman's defencelessness, roaming their rough hands over exposed breasts and thighs. The outraged expressions of their victims amused them.

"A lot worse than this to come, Señorita," they said. "You'll have to suffer more than a little groping!" And they laughed.

They were young men. Who could blame them?

The mestiza next to Jacinta was released and dragged to the rear of the truck. Jacinta couldn't help feeling relieved that she was gone. The only girls left there now were the sobbing Mouse, and the other Latina, the one she thought she had been to school with.

And then one of the soldiers was leaning over her, reaching under the seat to release her legs. Another unlatched her collar, and the steel loop around her waist. Each of them deliberately squeezed her naked breasts, and one pinched her nipples hard while the other slid his hands between her thighs and over her mound. She stared at them with contempt in her eyes.

But they weren't looking.

They lifted her to her feet and dragged her backwards towards the rear of the truck, her shoes sliding along the metal floor. They stood her up at the back - she was frightened now - she couldn't even see the other girls. Without ceremony she was shoved hard off the tail of the truck and fell into the arms of a huge soldier, who spun her round and held her firmly while another soldier snapped the collar of a snatch-stick around her neck.

Irresistibly she was pulled forward on her hobbled legs around the side of the truck. There stood all the other girls in line in the dust of the prison yard, one behind the other, each one linked by a short chain to a collar around the neck of the

one in front. They were standing so close to each other, that their breasts, for the most part bare, touched the bound arms of the girl in front.

Jacinta found herself pushed against the same mestiza she had been forced to sit next to in the truck, found herself staring at the girl's long black hair. Her naked breasts, the nipples standing prominently in the open air, pressed against the objectionable half-breed girl's arms.

At her involuntary touch the girl turned her head, and Jacinta could see her lovely eyes, and the full lips around the heavy gag. She looked away quickly, as far as the tight collar of the snatch-stick would allow, unwilling to meet the other one's gaze.

"Face front, you two," growled the man who held the snatch-stick.

When Jacinta strained to look at him, he squeezed the trigger on the snatch-stick, and Jacinta felt the collar tighten around her throat, and continue to tighten until she faced the front. Another soldier pushed her chin up and fastened a collar around her neck. He snapped a chain to the ring of the collar, then moved the hair of the mestiza out of the way to link the chain to the back of her collar.

The snatch-stick was released, and Jacinta once more could breathe easier. Again she tried to look around, and again someone yelled, "Face front, slut!"

In any case she could see little of where they were: the side of the truck, a high wall lined with spikes and the blue sky above, that was all. It didn't matter. Jacinta knew well enough where that bitch Ana Sandoval had brought her - Comandante Sandoval, as she styled herself!

Someone was pushed against her roughly from behind. She half stumbled forward. She felt the almost naked ass of the mestiza in front of her against her hips. And she felt the breasts of some other girl against her arms. Which one? She hardly needed to turn to look, even if it had been permitted. The sobbing of the Mouse told her - would she never stop?

A uniformed female guard was going down the line. Jacinta could see her now, checking the collars on each girl, checking their bonds. It was hot standing there in the sun, but she was taking her time, coolly appraising each girl. She moved the hair of the mestiza in front and tugged on the chain with her slender fingers. She gripped a bunch of Jacinta's hair and pulled back her head, then tested the chain on the front of her collar. Jacinta looked her in the face. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl, with peasant's eyes. A shop-girl, thought Jacinta. Not all her becoming uniform, her little forage cap perched on her head, her tan shirt, her tight brown skirt, even the coiled whip under her arm, none of it could change that. A common shop-girl.

The young woman gazed contemptuously back at her. Jacinta felt her hand slide over her breasts, and feel them appraisingly. She smiled with a look of disdain. "I shall look forward to you," she said.

She passed on to check the collar of the Mouse.

All around them the soldiers stood watching, grinning with delight and making coarse comments. "Which one's for you?" - "The little Indian, third from the front."

- "Sure she'd make a good fuck, but what about the mestiza, that one about half way down with the big tits." - "Yeah, you bet. Just as soon as the Generalísimo's finished with her, she's for me." - "After me, amigo. After me." - "Trust the sargento to pull rank!"

Jacinta tried to ignore them. All the same she noticed none of them chose her - a pure blood Spanish-Latina. Such scum. She stood a little straighter, and pushed out her ass against the Mouse's hips.

The female Guardia gave an order. "Move forward." She uncoiled the long whip and cracked it skillfully, so loud that Jacinta thought for an instant that it had actually struck her.

The line moved forward, awkwardly. The Mouse fell against Jacinta, half tripping her up. The whip cracked again. This time it did strike her, stinging the side of her ass-cheek, where her panties did not protect her. She shrieked behind her gag, and threw the Guardia a glance full of venom. The Guardia flicked her wrist and snapped the whip skilfully against Jacinta's thighs. "Face forward, Señorita," she said. "Face forward and save your skin."

They passed through a heavy door into the building. They stumbled, falling against each other every few steps, along a narrow stone-clad corridor. They heard the heavy door slam behind them. Then the chains of a portcullis rattle, and the barrier itself rumble down. They were inside the Generalísimos's private prison. And nothing could save them now.

They passed an open door. Not one of them could avoid looking inside the brightly lit chamber. Not one of them could avoid the sight of two naked women, their arms pulled high above their heads, standing on tiptoe, their bodies striped with lash-marks. Nor a third girl, bent forward, her arms pulled up vertically behind her and roped to a ceiling hook. Nor yet the bulky soldier who stood behind her, his pants at half-mast, thrusting his huge cock vigorously into her ass-hole.

Shocked, they entered a bigger room. It was stone clad. On its stone walls were rows of rings; from its ceiling hung rows of chains. A half-dozen uniformed soldiers stood around waiting. The long chain moved forward. Then, as each one entered the room a soldier disconnected her from the girl behind and one by one the collars of the girls were hooked up to one of the dangling chains. Hooked up so that they stood on the very tip of their toes, so that the chains pressed against their faces and pushed their heads to one side.

Jacinta found herself dragged forward, just one more girl amongst all the rest, hooked up by a soldier who scarcely took any notice of her, only matter-of-factly hooking her up like a sack of grain, and going back for the next in line.

She could see the others, hitched up just like her, half-gasping for breath, more of them in tears than ever. They drooled from their gags, and their half-torn clothes looked a sorry sight. Jacinta supposed she must look the same, half-naked and half-exposed.



But not for long. The Sargento strode in, accompanied by the Guardia. After a quick glance to see that all was in order, he gave the command: "Strip them."

Jacinta's stomach clenched with real fear. She had expected no less, but all the same she was unprepared for it. She'd heard the women were kept naked in their cells. She'd heard many things. The nightmare was coming true.

The only consolation was, the Mouse got it first. Dread though her heart was, Jacinta watched with relish a soldier step forward and undo the zip of the girl's skirt. She shook her head vigorously, her hair flying out around her. The soldier calmly tugged the tight garment down over her hips and allowed it to slide down her legs. Nothing the Mouse could do would stop it falling to the floor in a pool around her feet. Beneath she wore a neat pair of sensible cotton panties, drawn up quite tightly so that the groove of her cunt was outlined. And they were damp.

A moment later he had a knife in his hand. A short, curved, razor-sharp blade gleamed in the bright lights of the room. The horrified girl tried to back away, but her attempt only lost her balance and swung her back towards the soldier. In a flash the knife had sliced through the thick material of her suit top and cut it in half. He pushed the shreds of cloth back, betraying the fact that the Mouse wore no bra.

Jacinta had expected a full cupped, modest garment, concealing much more than it revealed. She could hardly believe her eyes. And the Mouse was no small girl. Her breasts were dazzlingly white, Dome-shaped, and capped with saucer-sized aureole, and nipples that puckered up and grew larger as she watched.

The soldier was as surprised by what he had uncovered as Jacinta was. For a moment he paused in his work. Then he reached forward with his free hand and felt each breast. Jacinta watched in fascination. The Mouse, head back almost as if she had fainted, was trembling, her whole body shaking. Someone barked an order. The soldier stiffened, remembering himself, his duty, let go her breasts and snicked each side of her panties, pulled the tatters of the garment roughly from between her legs, and dropped it on the stone floor.

Jacinta just had time to see the thick crest of long black hair that covered the girl's mound, before her view was cut off. A soldier stood before her. He placed a hand on her exposed breasts.

It was her turn to be stripped.

The soldier wasn't so young as the one stripping the Mouse. His thickly moustached face had an air of weary competence about it. He stripped her quickly, matter-of-factly, and efficiently. His expression showed no interest. The remnants of her clothes fell off her one by one. He tossed them casually on the floor. The moment she was naked, bereft even of her shoes, he moved on to the next girl, the only one left, the girl Jacinta had been to school with.

Jacinta was shocked. She trembled, but with indignation. She had been clinically stripped, displayed naked, left half-suspended from a chain - and the man who did it had not even had the courtesy to stop to admire her body! The insult was so sharp that it brought the first tears to her eyes.

She turned her head to see what he was doing with her companion. The action



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swung her round, pivoting on the chain from her collar and the tips of her toes, which were all that touched the floor. He was stripping her in the same, matter-of-fact way.

But just after the last shred of cloth had been tossed away, Jacinta saw his hand slide almost unnoticed between her legs. Her chagrin grew.

A commotion at one end of the room distracted her, and she moved her head again to look. Once more her body pivoted between collar and toe.

One of the girls had been unhooked from her chain. She was screaming through her gag. Two of the soldiers held her; her naked body struggled against the coarse uniforms of the soldiers. Another soldier brought a snatch-stick, and they held her firmly while the device was locked on her neck. A moment later, her arms still bound behind her back, her ankles hobbled, she was dragged by the neck from the room.

For a long time the rest of the girls hung in their rows, naked and gagged, many quietly crying. Jacinta wondered how long they would stay there like that, under the eyes of the soldiers. Her neck was hurting, and so were her toes.

The soldiers returned and took away another girl. The first girl did not return.

At length - it was well over an hour that Jacinta stood suspended between floor and ceiling - they came for her. Few others remained. The Mouse, the Schoolfriend whose name she still had not remembered, and herself. All the others had disappeared deeper into the prison.

The snatch-stick clicked in place around her neck. A soldier reached up and unhooked the chain and Jacinta was made to run, half-tripping, alongside another soldier who kept a firm grip on the pole-end of the stick and threatened at every hesitation to close the collar-end tighter.

They passed out of the room, down a stone corridor, further and further from the entrance to the prison. Jacinta became quite out of breath before they reached the room she was being taken to.

What had she been expecting? A cell? An interrogation room? A torture chamber?

It was none of these.

The room resembled a hairdressers - more a men's barbershop than a woman's salon. Mirrors paneled the walls, shelves held bottles of unguents, little trolleys carried scissors and clippers and razors. Hair clippings covered the floor. And a small, stout man in a white coat was sweeping up with a broom. Immediately they entered he put the brush aside and came forward. He was a curly-haired man with a big moustache and a thick-lipped, affable smile. He waved her in as if she was a customer of a salon on Paramundo's Main XIXth September Street.

"Do come in, my dear. It's so nice to see so many new faces in my little salon." He lifted a hank of Jacinta's hair. "Such lovely hair, my dear. I could do such things with this. But we're not here today for that, are we?"

"Cut the flannel, Carlos," said the soldier. "Give me the clippers. I'll do the

quick stuff. We haven't got all day."

"Just my little bit of fun, Señor. Come, Señorita, sit up here. I'm sure your legs are aching. Most Señoritas like a good sit down - all that shopping!"

The soldier clicked his tongue in annoyance, and pushed Jacinta over to a chair. Not that it was quite such a chair as she had ever seen before in a hairdressing salon. This one was more like a dentist's chair. When she showed some reluctance to sit on it the soldier tightened the collar of the snatch-stick, and thrust her towards the chair, giving her a hefty push against the butt at the same time.

Jacinta sat in the chair.

Immediately the back of the chair tipped, and she found herself outstretched while the soldier fastened her down with thick leather straps above and below her breasts. He unclipped the snatch-stick, which gave her some relief for the moment. But then he unfastened the hobble chain on her ankles and spread her legs wide, locking each ankle in manacles set at the sides of the chair.

With wide eyes Jacinta waited to see what would happen to her next.

The plump man hurried over with a set of electric clippers in his hand. The soldier snatched it from him.

"But, Señor, this is my job," he wailed.

"You have enough fun, Carlos. I should have some too."

"But you get to fuck the Señoritas."

"Yeah, Carlos. And up the ass, as much as we want. That makes you real jealous, Carlos, doesn't it? You're an ass-man, everybody knows that."

"You don't even know how to use the clippers properly. Let me do it."

"I can shear a bitch as easy as you," growled the soldier. "I'll show you." He switched on the clippers. A second later the cold steel of the teeth touched the base of Jacinta's belly. She jumped.

"Keep still, bitch. You don't want to be cut do you?"

"Please, Señor, let me..." pleaded Carlos.

The soldier laughed. "When I was a boy I used to work on a farm. We kept sheep. We sheared them at the end of the summer. You think I can't handle a slut's cunt-hair?"

Carlos threw up his hands. "It's not like a sheep. A woman needs care, finesse."

All the time Jacinta felt the cold metal run over her mound, and down between her legs. His rough hands pulled her about to get the clippers into every crevice.

Jacinta could just see herself in one of the mirrors, watch her own thick curls tumble onto the floor.

"Please, Señor..."

"Oh, Carlos, you whine so. Here," he said, tossing the clippers to the plump man, "you can do her ass. Ain't I generous to you."

Carlos fumbled the catch, but saved the clippers from falling on the floor. "Please. now bring the Señorita over to the other chair for me."

It wasn't really a chair. You couldn't sit in it. It was more like a psychiatrist's couch, except that it hinged in the middle, had shackles at each end, and some

ominous looking machinery beneath it.

Not that Jacinta had time to take every detail in. With the snatch-stick still round her neck, she was released from her seat, and impelled across the floor so abruptly that she tripped. She fell helplessly forward and landed hard on the cold plastic of the flat couch.

The impact winded her. She made no protest when the soldier dragged her into position along the couch. She couldn't. For a moment there wasn't a breath in her body.

A fixed collar snapped tight around her neck. Her legs were jerked apart and locked wide open by steel bands at knee and ankle. The soldier released the snatch-stick. "There, Carlos. She's all yours. Enjoy! But not too much or Rocinante will be sucking your blood!" And he laughed mockingly.

"Oh, Señorita, let me apologize for him," Carlos said when the soldier had left the room. "These young men - so impetuous, so carefree."

Juanita wanted to ask him who this fearsome Rocinante was. But Carlos laid a soft hand on the mounds of her ass, leaned forward and began pumping a lever under the couch with his foot. The couch began to rise. But not all the couch. The two ends remained at the same level, but the middle, where the hinged part was, began to lift. Her ass, still with Carlos's hand residing on it, rose in the air. The couch formed a wedge, pushing her belly upwards while holding her neck and legs in the same position. She was stretched. Her limbs tautened, her neck was lengthened alarmingly, or so it seemed to her.

She found her voice, uttering a nasal wail of protest. It was the only sound the mouth-aching gag would allow.

Carlos talked on. "It's an honor, a great honor, you know, for me to prepare all you lovely young ladies to meet Generalísimo Sandoval. Of all the hairdressers in Paramundo, he chose me. I was the most skilled. No one else is permitted to shave them. Think of that. Ah, but I shouldn't boast."

All the time the wedge shape of the couch grew steeper and Jacinta, all stoicism gone, screeched louder and louder, one long drawn-out note of remonstrance. Oblivious, Carlos went on pumping. "And that soldier - I could report him for what he did, using the clippers on you like that. But he's young. He has all his career ahead of him. One must tolerate the young men. They like their little jokes."

At last he stopped, but not until Jacinta's body was so taut that she was almost embedded in the upholstery of the couch, like a pink cameo on a black prism. Carlos stood back, and clasped his plump hands together.

"So pretty. So pretty," he said in admiration. He ran his hands over her buns, feeling the firm, hardly yielding flesh. "But this will not get the job done, Señorita, now will it?"

He fetched a porcelain bowl full of soap, and whisked up a frothy lather with a brush. He jabbed brush and foam hard into the flattened groove between her buttocks. She shrieked with the sudden cold. Briskly he brushed the foam up and down the crack and down each side of her cunt-lips.

She felt his chubby fingers probing the sensitive incurves, then the scrape of a razor. She shuddered involuntarily.

“Now, Señorita, please to keep still. Carlos doesn’t want to nick your lovely skin.”

Jacinta didn’t want him to nick her either. But neither did she want to be stretched over this wedge; nor did she want to be naked; and she didn’t want him to shave her. All the same she kept as still as she could, though the thumping of her heart and the helpless contracting of her ass-hole each time the razor came near, or Carlos’s finger tickled it, meant that she wasn’t very still at all.

Once or twice Carlos clicked his tongue in exasperation. “Please, Señorita... please co-operate. It is for your own good. Generalísimo Sandoval will be so pleased with the result. I will show you in the mirror.”

Jacinta wanted to scream, “I don’t want to co-operate, you fat freak!” But the gag was still holding her jaws apart, filling her mouth, ramming her tongue down, preventing expression.

At last the scraping of the razor ceased, and Carlos wiped away the remains of the foam with a cloth. Furious, and embarrassed, Jacinta heard him say, half to himself, “Oh, oh, such a jewel. The Generalísimo will be beside himself to see such a one.”

Louder he said, “Señorita, you have such a pretty culo, just the sort the Generalísimo delights in. There are so many - little coral pink ones, dark ones, deep ones: so many I can’t tell you. But yours, well, isn’t it the perfect combination: deep rosy - no cherry, perhaps plum - hub, and russet - almost plum - rays... Oh, Señorita, it would take a poet, not a hairdresser to praise such a culo.”

Jacinta didn’t want a poet, or a hairdresser, and least of all that pig Sandoval praising, or even looking at her ass-hole. And she would have said as much if she could. But she could neither speak her mind, nor prevent the podgy hairdresser from easing his plump finger inside her.

“Oh! Oh! Carlos, you wicket fat flounder,” cried another voice. “You’d better get your finger out of there quick. Rocinante’s after your fat ass. Can’t you hear her?”

Jacinta could just see out of the corner of her eye in the mirror that the soldier had returned, with the Mouse locked in his snatch-stick. She was, of course, quite naked, and still sobbing. And about to lose her thick crest of cunt-hair.

“¡Cielos!” Carlos groaned.

In the distance they all heard a cracked, high-pitched voice calling out, “HAS THERE BEEN A HITCH? I WANT THE NEXT BITCH!”

“¡Por Dios!” Carlos cried. “¡Por Dios, quickly!”

Jacinta felt the wedged up couch begin to flatten out. Carlos fumbled with the rings that held her in place. With surprising strength and urgency he dragged her to her feet, and, holding her by the collar pushed her towards the door. All the time he was muttering, “¡Pobre de mí! ¡Pobre de mí!”

Jacinta caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Such a shock. She saw herself

more naked than she could have imagined - in front of all these people. Where was her dignity in this hellish place?

The only consolation was the sight of the Mouse, stretched out on the first chair, the soldier shearing off her thick black crest and casting the dense fuzz on the floor, exposing her pussy mound to everyone's view.

But in a moment she was outside the door, in the corridor. And the cracked voice was coming closer: "NOW SHE SHOULD BE ON HER WAY. IF SHE'S NOT THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!"

Jacinta's eyes goggled. What creature could it be that had a voice like that? She could feel Carlos shaking almost as much as she was.

At last the rattling of keys and the hard tapping of footsteps came closer. What was going through Jacinta's mind? What was she expecting? Someone like Comandante Sandoval? All make-believe military uniforms and threatening whips? But with that voice?

What actually appeared shocked her much much more.

An old woman, a crone, a real harpy, came round the corner, swinging a bunch of keys in one hand, and carrying aloft a stick. "WHERE IS THE LITTLE COW? I WANT HER RIGHT NOW!"

Carlos pushed Jacinta forward, holding her at arms length. "Here she is, Señora Rosamunda." said Carlos, his voice little more than a hoarse whisper. "Here she is."

Jacinta stared in astonishment. The woman was old, just how old was impossible to say. Her nose was hooked, her mouth had scarcely a tooth left, her gray hair bristled in unkempt strands around her head. Her clothes were rags. But her eyes shone with a manic glare that terrified the helpless nude girl watching her approach.

She took one look at Jacinta, a searching glance up and down that made her feel more naked than ever. She grinned, a horrible open mouthed grin that made Jacinta shy away.

"OH, WHERE IS THAT SOLDIER BOY?" the old woman cackled. "BRING HIM HERE WITH HIS TOY."

Instantly the soldier who had been clipping the Mouse came rushing out with his snatch-stick in his hand.

"AHA, RUNNING COMES THE LAD, NOT TO MAKE ROSAMUNDA MAD."

Not mad? thought Jacinta, bearing once again the snap of the snatch-stick claw around her neck. Not mad?

"BRING HER ALONG, BRING HER ALONG, LET'S HEAR HER SONG."

Saying the last words, the old crone jabbed her stick into Jacinta's right breast. The surprise alone would have made her cry out. But she screeched loud and hard in spite of the gag that plugged her mouth: the end of the stick concealed a sharp point that stabbed hard into the full undercurve of her breast. Jacinta wanted to yell, "Stop it you horrid old harpy!" But all that she emitted was a wavering howl that seemed only to please the old crone. It pleased her so much that she did it again, jabbing the point into Jacinta's other breast just as hard.



The soldier held the snatch stick firmly in both hands to control Jacinta's desperate attempts to get away from the old woman.

"WE'VE HEARD HER SONG, NOW BRING HER ALONG, USE THE STICK AND MAKE HER DANCE, USE THE POINT TO MAKE HER PRANCE." With movements much nimbler than any one would have expected, the old woman scampered around behind her unfortunate victim and lunged the stick into her buns: "IN THE RUMP, MAKE HER JUMP!" And her crowing laugh echoed down the stone corridor almost as loud as Jacinta's yells of protest.

Where they were going, the poor prisoner had no idea, but it could hardly be quick enough for her. The old crone jabbed at her butt each time they turned a corner, and her attempts to avoid the prodding stick only hurt her neck.

The old woman at last danced ahead and rattled her keys, selecting one and opening a steel door. Jacinta found herself thrust through the entrance to a cell.

"THIS IS WHERE YOU STAY, THIS IS YOUR ROOM, WHILE WE THINK OUT THE WAY, WHILE WE THINK UP YOUR DOOM."

The soldier pushed Jacinta to the floor with the snatch stick. She felt the cold steel of a slender collar being fitted around her neck. Her arms were untied, then dragged around in front of her and her wrists handcuffed. And last and such welcome relief! the gag was jerked out of her mouth.

Before she could recover the use of her mouth and tongue to scream abuse at her tormentors, the door slammed. Jacinta was vaguely aware that there were others in the room, that the bunks were occupied. But one thing above all grabbed her attention. At the end of the room was a simple - who cared how simple! - squat-toilet. And squat she did, and pissed and pissed, lost in blissful relief.

At last she looked round. From the bunks she saw faces watching her. Three naked girls, chained by the neck and manacled like herself, sat on three of the bunks. Jacinta stared in horror. Two were mestizas and one was a young Indian girl, round-breasted and full bodied.

It was worse than she had feared. They'd put her, pure Spanish-Latina, a member of the aristocracy of Paramundo, in with a gaggle of low-class sluts!

The full horror of what had happened to her hit her. Hard.

## 4 Felipe

With a critical eye, Comandante Melosa Sandoval studied the young man who stood in front of her. “Have you done what I told you?” she demanded.

The young man, her cousin Felipe Sandoval, blushed. “I don’t see why...”

“Regulations are why. My regulations. You’re under my command now. Have you done it?”

Felipe Sandoval knew better than to disobey his cousin Melosa. He had never dared to disobey her when they had been youngsters; even less so now that she was Comandante Melosa and, together with her sister, Comandante Sandoval, in charge of their father’s private prison at the presidential Palacio Zorrilla.

Melosa was a year or so older than Ana, and both were older than Felipe by several years. When they were little the girls had been cruel to other children, especially other girls. Felipe had gone along with their games, but he was a sensitive boy, and he didn’t always like what they did. Even so when some of the girls complained and the Sandoval sisters were punished for their misdeeds, Felipe had only just escaped being punished himself.

But years later, their father came to power in an army coup, at first being part of a junta, but swiftly eliminating the other generals, making himself president for life, and styling himself “Generalísimo Sandoval”. Then it was the turn of those girls who had complained to be punished. Actually they had disappeared. Disappeared into the prison annexe Sandoval had built onto the presidential palace. And no one dared ask what had happened to them.

“Now, answer me, have you done what I ordered?”

“Cousin Melosa -”

“Comandante Melosa! Remember where we are and who you are speaking to!”

They were in one of the “interrogation rooms” of the prison. Comandante

Melosa was in uniform: peaked cap on her black hair, close-fitting military tunic and tight black skirt over leather jackboots. Felipe Sandoval wore a blue shirt and blue jeans and faced his upright, overbearing, and imperiously beautiful cousin with increasing unease.

“I... Yes, uh, Comandante. Yes. I have done what you ordered. But I don't think...”

“You are not here to think. You are here to learn to become an verdugo.” Melosa shook her head and strode up and down the room waving her fists in frustration. “But I have no hope for you. Had it not been for Comandante Sandoval who intervened for you - heaven only knows why - you would have disappeared, not been brought back here to Paramundo. Papá - the Generalísimo I mean, does not tolerate such things as you did in the USA. The honor of the Sandoval name - I blush to think of it. Now take off your clothes.”

Comandante Melosa was not in fact blushing, but Felipe was. “Please, Melosa - Comandante - do I have to? Isn't there some other job I can do?”

“The stipulation was that you become an verdugo here. Otherwise... You are already in your uncle's bad books. How could you involve yourself with Yanqui radicals?. When word got back here, your uncle, Papá - the Generalísimo - it made him a laughing stock. If Comandante Sandoval hadn't intervened - Papa always had a soft spot for her, those damned blue eyes, where did they come from? - you would be in a different prison than this, believe me. Now strip before the Guardia arrives with the prisoners.”

Felipe opened his mouth to make one more protest, but, seeing the expression on Melosa's face, the way she stood, head back, chin jutting, tapping her riding crop against the leather of her boots, he changed his mind. He had seen that look before, when they were children. He began to unbutton his shirt.

Melosa surveyed him. The look on her face wasn't exactly admiring. “You always were a skinny thing, Felipe,” she said, shaking her head. “How can you be a verdugo? You haven't got the strength in your arms. But your culo is still tight, in spite of all that studying at a desk, and -” She raised her arm and lifted Felipe's penis with the tip of her riding crop. She smiled, a rare thing for Melosa. “- at least your polla has grown, even if the rest of you hasn't.”

Felipe's polla, his prick, was clearly on show, since one of the regulations governing the position of verdugo in the Comandante's prison, the one she had asked him if he had obeyed, was that the men should remove all trace of pubic hair. Fair-haired, bespectacled, scholarly Felipe, young and slender - more correctly, skinny - possessed a cock even at rest quite out of proportion to his physique. Such a weapon would have been impressive on a much larger man. On him it was almost comic.

“Please, Melosa, Comandante Melosa, please, is it really necessary to be naked? I'm not sure - it doesn't seem, well, seemly.”

Melosa shrugged. “Seemly! Listen Felipe, your cock is your badge of office here. Just show yourself up to the task and you get to stick it up any of the prisoners,

whenever you like. They know that and they can't do a thing about it." She held out her hands, palms upwards in exasperated supplication. "Por Dios, Felipe, what more can a man want? Now, go, select a whip from the rack. I can hear the Guardia and the prisoners approaching. And for the sake of heaven, try to not to look frightened." She turned away, saying aloud to herself, "Why I listened to Ana, I do not know."

The heavy, barred, interrogation room door opened and a young Guardia entered, dressed in the usual uniform, forage cap, tunic-shirt, tight dark skirt, boots. In her right hand she held a whip. In her left hand she held a snatch-stick which encircled the neck of a naked and bound girl. Behind the first girl walked a second. They were linked by a chain between the steel collars they wore. Both girls' arms were bound high up on their backs, their ankles also linked by short chains. The first girl was a mestiza, the second was black.

Felipe turned from the rack where he had been choosing the lightest whip he could find. He held its many fronds in front of himself, and then he saw them. His heart sank.

Had he not always been terrified of mestizas? And of black girls too?

The mestizas in Veragonza, when he was a boy, had laughed at him, saying things in their own language that he could not understand. Their beauty, combined with the invitation of the Latinas and the mystery of the Indians, beguiled and intimidated him. And this one was truly lovely, her skin dark and velvety, her eyes deep and elusive; her lips, wrapped around a mouth-plugging gag, were full and pink; her figure was truly voluptuous, frankly feminine in a way which the Latinas, exciting and tempting as they were, could never match. Her breasts, tipped with stiff, frank nipples, were luxurious, flawlessly round and as succulent as giant nectarines; her narrow waist swelled out into broad hips, the thrust of her pelvis exaggerating the heavy smooth rounds of her buns. At the junction of her thighs her hairless Venus mound was divided by the crease of her cunt, the lips full and pronounced.

The girl's long black hair fell in heavy fronds over her shoulders and down her back almost as far as the cleft of her ass. The expression on her face was dull, resigned; but she raised her eyes a moment and saw Felipe. For an instant a look of amusement flickered in those deep eyes, then she lowered the lids.

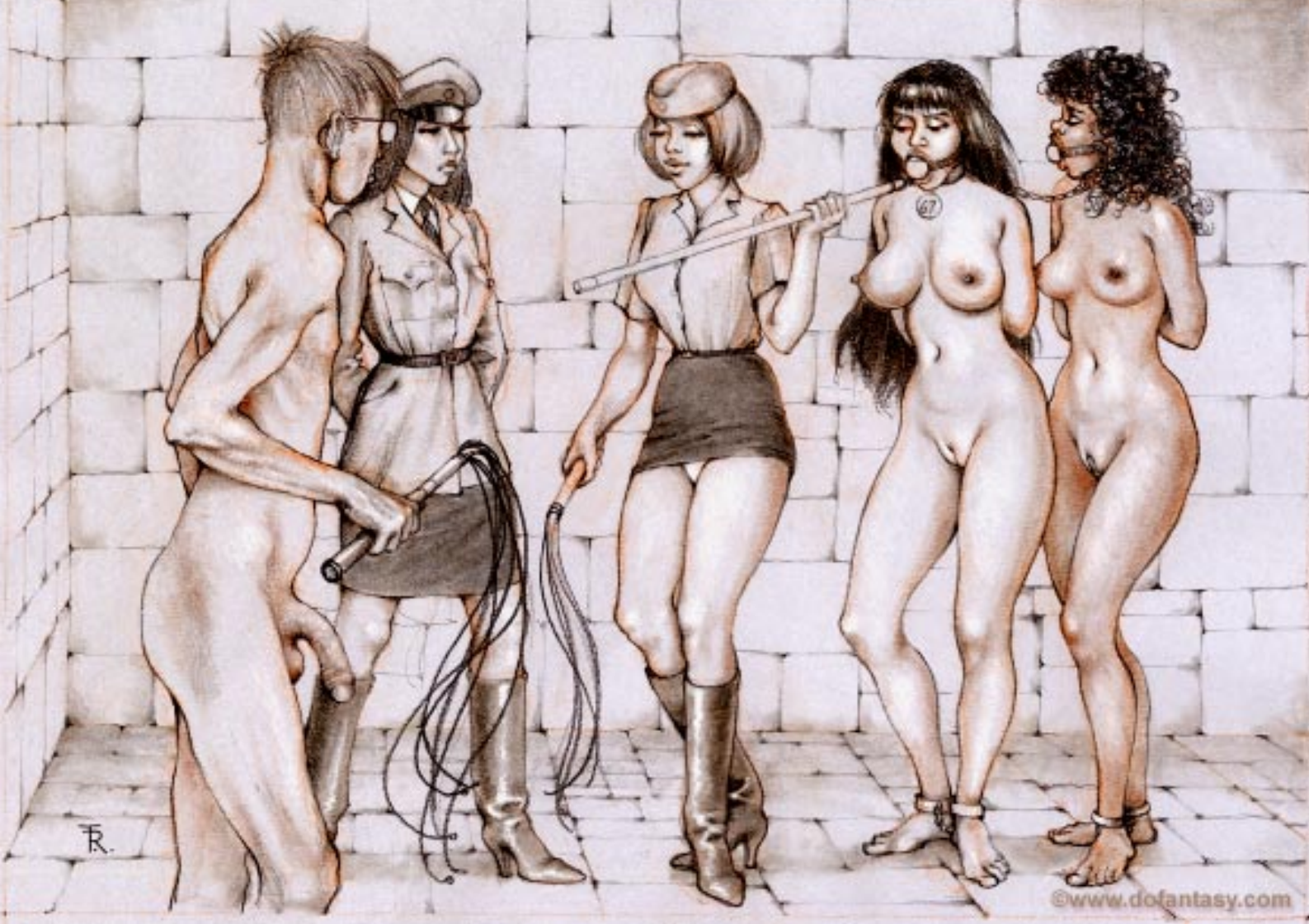
But Felipe hadn't missed that look.

"Kneel," ordered the Guardia, thrusting the girl down to the floor with the snatch-stick. She knelt, her knees parted, her breasts thrust forward, her eyes down, but plainly gazing at Felipe's cock.

"Chain the Carib to the wall," ordered Comandante Melosa. "We'll deal with the mestiza first."

The Guardia released the snatch-stick from the mestiza's neck, and snapped it skilfully around the black girl's neck. With it, she pushed the girl over towards the wall where a number of rings were fixed.

Caribs, thought Felipe dumbly, how they too had bewitched and troubled him.



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Long-limbed and lithe, with their swaying walk, high-arched and superior. Unlike the Mestizas, they hadn't laughed at him when he was young, but ignored him, or worse, held him in contempt. Even now the way this girl turned her disdainful eyes on him reminded him with a sharp pang of the humiliations of the past.

And yet...

And yet, her beauty made him thirst for her. Her black, shining eyes, and small broad nose; her full dark lips, and the long, high-cheekboned face; the loose, thick hair that fell in massy tendrils below her shoulders - all those things had harrowed his dreams. But now to see such a girl naked as well! From her pliable shoulders to her tapering thighs; from her full-thrusting, gravity-defying breasts to her flaring hips; the incurve of her back, the emphatic split-peach of her backside, the vault of her belly and the folds and petals of her cunt, unconcealed by any hair: his eyes traveled greedily over her body. His cock twitched. What was it that Melosa - Comandante Melosa - had said? You get to stick it up any of the prisoners any time you like...

But had she not also said, Provided you show yourself up to the task.

And was he? Was he not still scared of them? Much more scared of them than they were of him?

"So, Felipe, you begin with this little mestiza." Melosa handed the girl's collar chain to him. "Her name is Consuelo. Let's see if you can console her!" She turned to the Guardia and indicated a complicated framework at the side of the room. "You, Guardia, help prepare this piece of equipment."

Felipe scratched his head with the whip handle. He said, "I'm sorry, Cousin Melo, I mean, Comandante, but what do you want me to do exactly?"

Melosa rolled her eyes upwards. "Por Dios, all those years of study, and you have to ask such a stupid question. You have a whip in your hand and a naked girl. Isn't it obvious? Whip her, of course! Whip her breasts for a start."

Felipe looked down at the girl. She didn't move, didn't flinch, didn't even raise her eyes. Just continued looking at his cock.

He raised his arm, then lowered it. He was thinking of his time in the States. An image of a girl, a redhead, Danielle Scott, who'd befriended him at Van Burgh. Danielle it was who had involved him in radical politics. Danielle who had got him into trouble. What would she think of him now? Standing whip in hand over a naked girl?

He couldn't do it. It was against his - and Danielle's - philosophy. He would make a stand.

"Melosa, Comandante," he began, "I don't think..."

Melosa, intent on adjusting some part of the device she and the Guardia were preparing, did not even turn her head. "I told you, you are not here to think. Thinking causes problems. Just do it."

"I'm going to make a stand. It's wrong."

Melosa turned slowly. "Did I hear you say something I told you to do was wrong?" Her voice was low and threatening. Felipe remembered what she was

like when she was young. No one dared contradict her. She would fly into a rage and someone would get hurt.

The brown, almost black, eyes regarded him. The mouth was turned down in an expression of contempt. Felipe became almost frightened. He glanced around at the other women. The Guardia was looking at him with an amused grin on her face. The black girl, her neck chained to the wall, gazed blankly at him, but there was no support for him in her eyes. And the mestiza, Consuelo, was now gazing up at him in disbelief, almost displeasure, that he had declined her.

Melosa said slowly and distinctly, "Ana may have flashed those blue eyes at Papa, at the Generalísimo, and saved your skin. But they don't work on me. You do as I say. Or..." She drew a line across her own throat with the side of her index finger.

The image of Danielle Scott abruptly vanished from Felipe's mind. He swallowed hard and raised the whip.

Melosa was still watching him. He brought the whip down on Consolation's breasts, hard enough to make them bounce, and her to half flinch away from him.

Melosa groaned. "I said, whip them! Five times as hard. And don't stop till you've hit them fifty times. And if you don't hit them hard enough I shall make you hit them fifty times more until I'm satisfied. So if you want to be kind to the prisoner," she added contemptuously, "you'd better use some strength on her. Understand?"

Felipe dreaded Melosa's anger. He had always dreaded it. He felt his knees tremble. He raised the whip again and brought it down, straight down on the upper curves of her breasts, those faultless, plump mounds, making them bounce. The mestiza squealed behind her gag.

He swung the whip again, this time over the thick brownish nipples. He felt the blades of the whip catch, wrapping themselves around the globes, the tips stinging the girl.

He felt something new running through his blood. Something that hadn't been there before.

He hit the girl again, straight across the breasts, felt the blades catch. He liked the way they snapped over the tender flesh. The girl writhed, twisting this way and that, but not daring to move her position with Comandante Melosa's gaze upon her. Felipe held her neck-chain taut, controlling her movements. He hit her again.

His cock had grown, reared up. He couldn't help it. The girl raised her eyes from it and looked appealingly at him. All of a sudden fear was in those eyes. He liked that too. His cock was thick and stiff, and felt as if it never could be otherwise.

Melosa regarded him for a moment. "Well," she said, "that's something at least." She turned to the Guardia and said something to her that Felipe did not catch. The Guardia laughed.

Felipe hit the mestiza again. He began to wish he had chosen a heavier whip from the rack.

Fifty times, Melosa had said. Fifty times - more than fifty, for he lost count twice and had to start again - he hit those plush orbs. Fifty times the long dark nipples felt the sting of his whip. And at the end of all that time the girl was weeping, trying to hunch herself up, flinching from each blow. But he held the chain from her collar high, almost lifting her from her knees, forcing her to openly offer him her tender breasts.

His arm seemed to take strength from each strike; he felt tireless.

He reached down and felt the reddened flesh, squeezing, massaging the tender mounds. The nipples were still hard, which pleased him.

He hit her again.

He hit her because of all the times the mestizas had laughed at him. He hit her because he could never share in her depth, in her mystery, in the ancient magic of her ancestry. But most of all he hit her because for him the slap of the blades of the whip on soft female body had suddenly become the focus of wonder.

His cock was huge, thrust out long and thick in front of him, a weapon indeed, a tool for subduing women. It was good that she should be chained and that he should be free, that he should take aim and her body be the target.

Those eyes that shifted their gaze from his cock to his face, that begged for him to stop, knew he would not. Because to stop would be wrong, would admit weakness. A weakness he did not at that moment feel.

So engrossed was he in his punishment of the mestiza, and through her all the mestizas of his life, that he had almost forgotten about his cousin. At the sound of her voice, he looked up startled.

“Are you going to take all day over that? There’s much more work for you to do yet.” She waved at the device she and the Guardia had been adjusting. “Bring her over there - on her knees.”

Felipe obliged, tugging on the collar chain and making the mestiza Consuelo move awkwardly on her knees towards the next instrument of her own torment. When she showed not enough enthusiasm, the Guardia swung her whip viciously, stinging the girl across her bottom-cheeks again and again.

“Stand!” ordered the Comandante. “Stand up, put your fat belly against the bar.”

Felipe didn’t think that the mestiza’s belly was fat. Voluptuous and inviting, perhaps. Yet the words seemed to sting the girl more than the whips had. For a split second she seemed about to rebel.

But, arms bound with tight ropes high up her back, ankles hobbled, how could she? She couldn’t even utter a word in protest because of the great gag in her mouth.

In any case the Guardia gave her no time. She took the chain from Felipe’s hand and dragged the girl’s neck, so that her body bent over the bar she stood against.

The device was a simple framework: two wooden bars in a T-shape horizontal to the ground, at waist level, supported on legs that could be adjusted for height.

The female victim was pushed against the bar of the T, then bent over so that her torso lay along the long bar, the shank of the T. A few refinements had been added. Straps to hold the girl's upper body were attached to the shank, and quickly tightened around her.

The top of this long bar was not padded for comfort. Far from it. The girl had to lie along a metal plate on top of the bar, a plate that was drilled with hundreds of tiny holes. Her breasts were squashed down on the plate, held down by the leather straps across her shoulders and her waist.

Once she had been fastened down, the Guardia knelt, removed the chain from her ankles and tied each leg wide apart, so that only her toes touched the ground.

“So, Felipe,” said Comandante Melosa, “you seem to have overcome some of your scruples. Now you must punish this girl properly. Get a proper whip and hit her backside - and don't miss her cunt.”

Felipe chose a heavier whip this time, many-bladed, with weights at the ends of each blade. It felt balanced in his hand, and the leather fronds swished noisily through the air.

He returned to the bent-over girl.

“One question, Comandante,” he said, eyeing the puffy lips of her cunt and the dark, star-shaped opening of her ass-hole above it, “when will I know that I am up to the task?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I mean...” For a moment Felipe hesitated. But this didn't seem the place for coyness, and cousin Melosa had never been a subtle person. “I mean, you said earlier that if I just showed myself up to the task and I could get to stick it up any of the prisoners.”

Melosa Sandoval shrugged. “Just show me then. You want little Consuelo? There's nothing to stop you, is there? But first you have to complete your task.”

“One more thing, Comandante.” He was getting used to calling his cousin “Comandante”. It seemed to please her. And there was no doubt, it suited her.

“What now? Just get on with it!”

“I wanted to ask what these levers do, and this dial.”

“Aha. Good. The scholar takes an interest in our undertaking. Show him, Guardia.”

“Of course, mi Comandante.” The Guardia, a cruel little smile on her sultry Latina face, pointed to the dial. “On this, Señor Felipe, you see ten marks. Each one represents a millimeter. The top plate of the bar the prisoner is lying along is perforated with many holes. Below each hole is a sharp pin. With this dial you set the length of the pin, how far it will emerge from the hole when you operate the lever.”

Felipe heard a long moan escape the bound girl. Had she not been firmly gagged, it would have been a loud wail. His cock reared. His heart was beating fast. Somewhere at the back of his mind his conscience was crying out. But it was deafened and defeated by the demands of his lust.

“So, If I set it here, for example, the pins will stick in her for three millimeters - all over her belly and breasts?” Felipe was enjoying himself, talking about the girl Consuelo as if her feelings were of no consequence. Which of course they were not. Felipe was beginning to understand that the prisoners were not there for any other reason than the pleasure of Melosa, of Ana, of Uncle Sancho Sandoval, - and of himself!

“Not quite, Señor Felipe,” said the Guardia. “Around here, around the area where the prisoner Consuelo’s breasts lie, the pins emerge at exactly twice the length of the others.”

“Twice the length,” repeated Felipe hoarsely. “Very clever.”

“Ah, so the scholar approves,” mocked Melosa. She leant her head to one side. “Another point in his favor, what do you think, Guardia.”

“Whatever you say, Mi Comandante. Whatever you say.”

“Get on with it, Felipe. You are not out of hot water yet. It will take a lot to wipe out that stain of leftism on your character. A lot more than a little tit-whipping of some worthless little leftist slut.”

# 1

## The Carib

Felipe swung his arm and struck the mestiza with his whip. He felt how the heavy weights at the end of the thongs snagged on the flesh of the girl's ass. He arced the whip over his head and brought the hissing blades down on the upthrust humps. Again the weights rasped the soft skin, digging in and bouncing the resilient cheeks. The effect pleased him.

But the girl, number 67, lay perfectly still, her head turned to one side. Her thick black hair was spread over her back like a raven's feather fan. She made no sound. Puzzled, he hit her again, sweeping the whip over her taut-stretched thighs.

He struck her again and again, each time harder, trying to get a reaction. All that sensitivity, that empathy with the feelings of others that he had learned in the USA had fallen away. Down there in the interrogation room of his uncle's palace-prison, he felt a different person. True, he was still Felipe. True, he sensed at the back of his mind the strangeness of it all, standing naked in front of women, naked among naked women, whip-wielding and malign. But there was also a different Felipe, one that had been buried over the years. One who enjoyed tormenting women. One who could be insulted when they ignored him.

He should have felt shame for what he was doing. But he did not. He felt annoyed - cheated.

However hard he struck at her, he could not force a murmur of protest from behind the gag. How could she fail to react to the fierceness of his assault?

Then he remembered Melosa's command: "don't miss her cunt!".

He half knelt, positioning himself directly behind the girl, directly in line with the groove of her cunt, where the crinkled lips showed, in line with the dark starburst of her asshole. With a malicious flick of his arm, he swung the heavy weighted blades against the tenderest flesh.

And she squealed.

He struck her again, slapping the whip deep into the cleft, the weighted ends digging into the puckered hole of her ass, and she squealed louder.

Like a man possessed, which he was, his cock rearing with excitement and driving him on to greater endeavor, he raked her cunt-lips, her bottom-cheeks, her thighs. Lines, at first pink, then darkening into long-lasting marks, appeared all over her voluptuous backside.

Felipe's glasses were misting over. His skinny body was shiny with sweat. He could wait no longer. Without bothering to ask Melosa's permission or even to glance in the Comandante's direction, he stood, stepped forward, and in one movement rammed his cock deep inside the mestiza's cunt, thrusting his pelvis hard against the soft flesh he had just punished. He reached forward and grasped Consuelo by the top of her broad hips to give himself good leverage, and began to fuck her unmercifully.

And yet, in spite of his intense excitement, he had not forgotten that other attribute of the device she lay on. Pausing only for a moment, he lay over her prone form and adjusted the dial on the side of the bar. It clicked once, twice, even more times, five in all.

There was one thing more. One thing he had to do. From the moment he'd seen the asterisk of her asshole he knew what he wanted. He'd always wanted. He'd never taken a girl's ass before, but this time...

He pulled his cock out of her cunt, pressed it against the puckered entrance of her asshole, and flicked the lever that triggered the pins.

In the same moment that he rammed deep into her ass, she reacted.

She did not squeal that time.

She screamed.

She screamed a full-throated helpless scream that not even the big mouth-gag she wore could muffle.

Five millimeters long, hundreds of slender needles jabbed into her belly, and dozens more, ten millimeters long, one full centimeter, into her breasts, not sparing her nipples and their dark surrounds. He felt her whole body react. The ring of her asshole contract hard, squeezing his overwrought cock. He couldn't stop himself. He came deep in the velvet depths of her body.

And all the time the girl Consuelo, the mestiza prisoner number 67 he had bound and beaten, yelled and sobbed and tossed her black tresses from side to side.

Triumph and shame mingled in his mind when he turned to Comandante Melosa.

He gaped. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw what was happening. But then, he thought, down there the rules were different.

His cousin, Comandante Melosa Sandoval, sat on a low chair. Her skirt was rucked up, her panties drawn aside. The Guardia was kneeling, her head between Melosa's spread thighs. The Guardia's tight skirt had ridden up, and Felipe could



see the white flash of her silky panties, which for some reason shocked him most of all. Melosa was resting one leg casually on the Guardia's shoulder, her head was back, her mouth open and panting. Her eyes were closed.

Of a sudden, as if alerted by the silence that followed when Felipe ceased his attentions to Consolation, Melosa's eyes opened. She frowned.

"What are you staring at? Why have you stopped? If you've finished with that one, get on with the other. You're certainly not in the clear yet."

Felipe reddened. He'd done well. At least he thought so. Hadn't she been watching?

He walked across to where the Carib girl was waiting. He didn't notice Melosa tap the Guardia on the shoulder and the two of them turn to watch him. Both were smirking in anticipation of something.

The Carib girl was standing on a low stone platform. Her collar had been hitched high up by a snap-link to a ring in the wall. She stood on tiptoe. Her black flesh looked warm against the cold stone. The white number 58 painted on her right buttock shone.

He stepped up onto the narrow platform. He ran his hands over her body. She stood completely still, rigid, while he hefted her breasts, feeling the weight of them. He ran his hands over the contoured tautness of her belly and over the smooth tonsured mound of her cunt. Already he was getting used to handling girls in this way. He reached up to unhook the snap-link and release her. "Down, and kneel," he commanded gruffly.

If he'd expected her to obey as docilely as the mestiza Consuelo, he was mistaken. Instead, the moment her collar was free, she threw her weight against him, shouldering him off the platform. She was a strong young woman, and she caught him by surprise. He fell bodily to the floor, barking his knees on the flags. Before he could recover the girl had jumped down from the platform and kicked him in the side.

Luckily for him her legs were encumbered by the hobble chain she wore. As it was he was half-winded. Painfully he tried to roll away from her, but she stood over him kicked him again, her foot searching for his groin. Between her legs he caught a glimpse of Comandante Melosa and the Guardia grinning at his plight.

He found the whip he had dropped when he fell, grasped it and sliced at the black girl's ankles. Her slate-black eyes were watching him contemptuously. She stepped nimbly back out of reach, then, when he tried to rise, she came forward and kned him back over. Even in that moment he found some part of his mind to admire the spectacle of her naked body, the strong thighs, the deep indent of her cunt and the curled line of her lips between them, above it the vault of her belly and the big bouncing aubergine shapes of her breasts.

He heard the Guardia clap her hands with pleasure, and Melosa's shout of laughter. Driven by fury now, he leaped to his feet. He tried to seize the girl, who dodged away again. When he went after her she somehow contrived to trip him with her hobble chain, and down he went again. And again she kicked him while

he was down.

With the laughing of the two women ringing in his ears he jumped to his feet. He felt his nakedness, vulnerable, faced with this black she-demon. He backed away.

The Guardia was saying something to him. He took his eyes off the Carib for an instant and saw that the Guardia was holding out her snatch-stick for him. He took it.

He'd never used such a device before. The collar at the end was open, ready. There was a trigger at the other end. Quickly he reasoned that all he had to do was get the collar round the Carib's neck and pull the trigger. Then he'd have her safe.

He poked the stick towards her. She backed away. He pushed it towards her again. She moved back further, against the wall. He lunged forward with the stick at the level of her neck and tugged the trigger.

She ducked away and the collar closed on empty air.

Caught off balance what she did next took him by surprise. Half bent over, she pitched herself forward and head-butted him in the stomach. For the third time he sprawled on the hard stone floor.

This time though, he caught the chain between her ankles. He whirled round, tugged hard, and jerked her off her feet. Before she could rise he was standing over her. He pulled the cord that opened the snatch-stick's collar, stabbed downwards like a harpoon, and locked it around her throat.

Immediately she became docile.

Felipe's spectacles had slid down his nose. He pushed them back up. He looked at his cousin and the Guardia. Both women were unable to speak, convulsed with laughter.

Furious at the fool he had made of himself, and at the trap they had set for him, Felipe looked round for some particularly savage way to punish the black girl.

He found it in the form of a board that had been propped against the wall at the end of the interrogation room, next to the table where all the manacles, straps, and ropes were kept.

The board was about a meter long and half as broad, plain on one side, and covered closely with sharp spikes on the other. At the center of one end was a hook by which it could be hung on the wall.

Securing the black girl by a ring on her collar to the wall - he noted that the collar bore a pendant with the number 58 on it - and leaving the snatch-stick in place so that there would be no repeats of what had happened, he attached the board to the wall.

"The scholar learns quickly," he heard Melosa say.

"He will have to if he stays here!" replied the Guardia. "Fifty-eight is a pussy cat compared with some of them."

Felipe was scarcely listening. He still felt foolish for letting a bound and gagged

girl get the better of him. He found a ring at a suitable height on the wall and hung the board up, the spikes outwards. He went over to the black girl, took a firm grip on the snatch-stick still clasped around her neck, and unhooked her collar.

“On your feet,” he ordered. “Get up.”

To his surprise she obeyed demurely.

He led her over to where he had hung the board to the wall. When she saw it, she faltered, then pulled away. It was then that he discovered something new about the snatch-stick: moving the trigger further back caused the collar to tighten.

He experimented. Moving it a few millimeters back stopped her struggling. Moving it a few more stopped her breathing, and brought a look of alarm to her face. She stopped struggling and moved reluctantly towards the board. He hooked the ring on her collar to the same ring the board was on. The board was long enough for the spikes to reach from her shoulders to her thighs. She could just hold herself away from the sharp points.

Felipe let her do so. For the moment.

He left the snatch-stick around her neck in case she needed persuasion. He knelt. The hobble chain was locked to steel manacles around each ankle.

He turned to the Guardia. “Where are the keys?”

The two women were watching him with interest. “Give him the keys,” said Melosa.

The Guardia opened a pouch on her belt and took out a key ring. She selected one and tossed it over to Felipe. “Careful, Señor, the bitch kicks,” she said.

Felipe grunted. “I know it.”

He unlocked her left ankle, then grasping the chain, he jerked her right leg outwards, towards a ring set low on the wall. He heard the girl squeal. Off balance, she had pricked her breasts on some of the points.

He fastened the manacle to the wall. Then he removed the chain, and repeated the action with the other leg. Now, with her legs far apart, she had to stand on tiptoe to keep herself away from the points.

He stood up and held her by the hips and pushed her gently towards the points. She looked over her shoulder, begging him to stop. But she surely knew he wouldn't.

The manacles that secured her arms were one-piece, a figure-of-eight shape. Her wrists were held in the loops of the 8 so that her arms were crossed in the middle of her back. He went over to the table and selected a short piece of rope. He threaded that through the wrist manacles, then through her collar, and tugged her bound wrists up her back. Her head came back as the pressure on her collar increased. When he judged she could stand it no longer, he knotted the rope.

He released the snatch-stick, and stood back to admire his handiwork. She looked good. She looked terrified. Her head was so far back that her black hair hung down free, waving from side to side with the movements of her head. She tried to look at him, wondering what he was going to do. She was making little sucking sounds from her throat.

Her plump breasts were outthrust perilously close to the points of the spikes,

and the hard nipples continually touched them. Each time she shrank away, but the movement of her upper body only seemed to push her lower half towards the board, pricking her tummy. When she recoiled from that, she automatically pressed her breasts back onto the tips of the spikes. It was good to watch.

But Felipe knew Melosa wouldn't be satisfied with that. Not at all. And nor was he.

He was after all a Sandoval. He could feel it in his veins now. And it was obvious in the way his cock was again rigid and yearning for its prey every time the girl squealed. Books were fine. Being a scholar was fine. But causing girls pain, that was his *métier*.

He went over to the whip rack and selected a thick leather whip, single stranded, about the length of an arm. It narrowed to the tip where a pair of thin hard leather lashes were sewn in. He stood to one side of the girl and tapped her round buns with the length of the whip.

He drew back his hand and paused.

The girl's head tossed from side to side, swinging her thick hair about. She was in an agony of suspense. Suspense which could have only one ending.

He hit her.

He swung the whip upwards, catching her on the underside of her clenched ass-cheeks. Thrust forward by the force of the blow she was pushed onto the spikes. Dozens of points jabbed her belly.

She recoiled. He hit her again.

This time on the upper slopes of her buns. Again she was pushed forward, but now her breasts felt the jab of the points.

She recoiled again, squealing.

Felipe glanced at Comandante Melosa and the Guardia. They were intent on each other again. Or at least the Guardia's head was hard under Melosa's skirt. Melosa was watching him, her eyes narrowed, her head to one side. Her cap had half fallen off. She said nothing, just waved at him with one hand to get on with it. The other hand was thrust into the Guardia's hair, pressing the woman's face more urgently against herself.

Felipe struck again at the black girl. And again. Her thighs, the curve of her back, the satiny bulbs of her ass, all felt the whip. Each time the black girl was stabbed by the points, she jerked back with the pain, and was immediately struck by Felipe's cruel whip, throwing her once more against the points.

He found he could bring the long thin ends of the whip up between her legs and sting her cunt unexpectedly.

The squealing of the black girl, the panting of Melosa, the sobbing of the mestiza - Felipe was in heaven.

Too much in heaven for his cock, stiff as a post, ramrod straight in front of him. He tossed the whip aside, pressed the oozing tip up between the soft plump mounds of her ass, searching out the center of the same radiant star that he had enjoyed with the mestiza. He felt the bulbous end of his cock lodge in the crevice and



pushed forward. Desperate to keep herself away from the spikes, pressing her head against the wall and pushing back with her toes, the Carib, prisoner 67, could not help herself aiding his entry.

And enter he did. His cock slid inch by magical inch into the velvety depths of her body.

Now he couldn't stop himself. The moment his hips touched those soft cushiony globes, the moment he felt himself up to the hilt inside her, he lost control.

He fucked her.

He cared not that each ram of his hips forced her belly against the spikes. He cared not that each time he pulled back he dragged her breasts onto the points. Every screech that was emitted from behind her mouth-stuffing gag spurred him on. He grasped her thick mane of hair in both hands, pulling her head back, and hammering home until, at last, his cock spurted, marvelously flooding her with his cum, humiliating and hurting her all at once.

Reluctantly he withdrew.

This time he didn't feel the shame of what he had done. He felt only the triumph. He felt proud and pleased. He looked to his cousin, Comandante Melosa.

The two women looked flushed. The Guardia's nipples were plainly aroused, visible through her shirt.

Melosa shrugged. "Well, it's a beginning, I suppose."

## In the Generalísimo's Private Prison

They'd been made to rise very early. Made to bathe and make themselves up. Everyone there, Guardia's, soldiers, officers, was in a flutter, rushing around, pushing the prisoners from place to place, never once telling them what was going on.

Chained close behind each other in groups of six or so, their wrists tightly bound behind their backs, they waited under the close eye of a soldier.

Jacinta felt refreshed. Her hair had been washed, they'd put scent on her (something unsubtle and oversweet that seemed to sum up the Sandovals' taste), she was looking her (naked) best. Around her neck was a steel collar, linked to the collars of the girls in front and behind by a chain. From her collar dangled a pendant, quite large and round. On it was engraved a number. She knew that because each girl wore one, but she couldn't read what her own number was.

She was standing between the Mouse, whose number was 26, and her Schoolfriend, number 73. She also now knew their names.

Both girls had been thrust into her cell the previous night. "Jacinta!" the schoolgirl had said immediately, "Jacinta Maira de Falcón y Riaza. I recognized you immediately. You remember me? Cuca - Cuca Cela de Monterey?" Jacinta hadn't remembered her name, but she now knew who she was: one of the snobbiest girls from one of the snobbiest families in Paramundo. And really they'd only arrived in the country within living memory, from who knows where? And she wouldn't stop talking. She knew everyone - even the mestizas, which only went to show.

Of course, she'd known the Mouse's name too: Dulce Cardenas. Dulce was nothing but the daughter of a professor at the university. So she'd had some hopes of a glittering academic career. So what? If her father hadn't fallen foul of the Sandovals by writing a critical article in a foreign newspaper, he wouldn't have

had to bargain her away for his life. Such people!

The Mouse - Jacinta thought of her as Dulce Mouse now - had cried herself to sleep - and kept everyone else awake doing it. Already, standing in front of Jacinta in their group, she was crying. Her careful make-up was already streaked with tears. Jacinta, made to stand so close to her that their bodies touched, could feel the shudders pass through the girl's body which jiggled her own bare nipples and tickled her. That in turn made shivers pass through her body and she could feel her own buns nudging into the hips of Cuca Cela de Monterey standing up against her.

The crone came in, still rattling her keys. She was brandishing that stick, looking for some unfortunate to stick it into. Señora Rosamunda, everyone called her to her face, but behind her back they called her Rocinante. Of course, Dulce Mouse had known why. Between sobs she'd explained. Something about Don Quixote's horse, apparently a bag of bones. Jacinta hadn't known that, but it seemed fitting. The old nag was as flustered as the others, scurrying around like a rattlesnake with fleas.

The soldier in charge of Jacinta's group was tall, thin-lipped, and had eyes that smouldered dangerously with lust. Jacinta eyed him with contempt, but that was not enough to stop his hands from roaming over their bodies at will. The Mouse wriggled away from his touch, which pressed her body back against Jacinta's. Jacinta found the touch unexpectedly and unwelcomely erotic, her nipples hardening and a tingle between her legs translating itself into a dampness that in her naked state was all too likely to arouse ribald comment from the likes of the soldier guarding them. She in her turn, anxious to avoid the touch of the other girl's ass against her hips, or her own breasts being squeezed against the Mouse's bound arms, recoiled backwards which brought her immediately into contact with the naked body of Cuca Cela de Monterey. Which was equally unwelcome. And equally arousing.

The soldier, seeing his line being disordered, shouted at them: "Stand still, sluts!" He reached out and jerked them back into line. "Regulation distance!" he yelled.

Jacinta had no idea what "regulation distance" might be, but it seemed that the soldier was only satisfied when they stood upright, the chains between their collars not quite taut, their nipples just touching the bound arms of the girl in front, and their own hands rested lightly on their buttocks, so that their fingers were in contact with the cunt-mound of the girl behind. None of this pleased Jacinta at all. But then she might have reflected, it wasn't supposed to.

"Face front!" cried the soldier. "You!" he yelled, thrusting his face close to Jacinta's, "you're a troublemaker. A fidgeter. This is for you!" An object appeared in his hand, an object about the size of a pocket torch, long and slender and black. But it wasn't a torch. There was no bulb, no beam when he clicked the switch. Instead there were twin electrodes, sharp-pointed, that he pressed against the curved underside of Jacinta's right breast. Which hurt enough to make her squeal. But not

a fraction as much as when he did click the switch. An audible crack accompanied a pain so severe that Jacinta screamed. The electric spasm shot through her breast, deep into her body. And she jumped back, trying to get away from the pain, dragging the whole line with her by their necks.

“Stand still!” yelled the soldier. “Get in line! You, troublemaker, stick your tits out!”

The other girls hastened to get into line, but Jacinta was scared he was going to use the torch on her again. She hunched her shoulders, cringing away from the soldier, who watched her with a malicious grin on his thin lips.

“Stick your tits out! Are you deaf!”

Jacinta, her eyes blazing, lost her caution. She turned and swore at him.

The malicious grin widened. “Stick your tits out,” the soldier said. “Stick them out for Hernando.” His voice changed to a mock wheedling tone.

Jacinta could see the torch still in his hand. After such pain she couldn’t bring herself to expose herself to him, but huddled back, dragging the line with her.

She was concentrating so hard on avoiding the torch’s spark, that she didn’t hear a rustle of rags behind her.

A pain as unexpected as it was sharp shot through her left buttock. She screamed. Another sharp pain stabbed through her right buttock. She shot forward, straightening up as she tried to turn to see what had done this. And exposed her breasts to the soldier. Who took the opportunity to jab the torch into her other breast, just beneath the nipple.

She screamed again, half doubling over with the pain of the electric spark, and thrusting her ass-cheeks straight into the point of Rocinante’s stick. “STICK OUT YOUR TITS, STICK OUT YOUR TITS, OR WE’LL TEAR YOU TO BITS!” screeched the old woman.

“¡Cerdos! ¡Hijos e puta!” screamed Jacinta.

Rocinante jabbed her again. “SHE SPOKE, SHE SPOKE! GIVE HER A POKE!”

Jacinta twisted away, shrieking. “You horrid old bruja! Leave me alone.”

The other girls, jerked about by Jacinta’s contortions, were squealing, and Cuca tumbled to the ground, bringing the rest of the group with her in a flurry of naked flesh, flying limbs and swirling dark hair.

“So! What is going on here! Can you not control a few prisoners, soldier?” Comandante Sandoval strode into the room. “Oh, it’s you, Rosamunda.”

The old woman cackled. “OH IT’S YOU, OH IT’S YOU,” she mimicked. “SHOO, OLD WOMAN, SHOO!” She curtsied low to the Comandante, and with a mocking laugh skipped away.

Comandante Sandoval watched her go, her lips pursed in displeasure. When she turned and saw Jacinta among the jumble of girls on the ground, her blue eyes darkened. “So, it’s the troublemaker.” She reached down and grabbed Jacinta’s collar chain, jerking her face up so that the girl’s eyes met her own. “One more piece of insubordination from you and I will have you put on a special regimen,” she hissed, and slapped her across the face with the flat of her hand.

Jacinta shook her head in pain. She stared defiantly back at her adversary, but she controlled herself not to say anything. It did no good. Her thoughts were all too plainly evident in the expression on her face.

The Comandante slapped her again, then brought the back of her hand across the other cheek. She stood up. "Get them on their feet, soldier. Get them up and back in line immediately."

The soldier seized Jacinta and the Mouse by the hair in one hand, and twisted a bunch of Cuca's hair and the hair of the mestiza behind her in the other, and lifted them bodily up onto their knees, then to their feet. The remaining two girls in the set were forced to follow suit, being dragged along by the tight collars around their necks.

Comandante Sandoval watched impatiently, tapping her feet and glaring at the unfortunate prisoners. She waited until the soldier had pushed and prodded the group of naked girls into order, then she said, "Give me your torch, soldier."

With the fiendish device in her hand, she said, "Now, prisoner Jacinta Maira de Falcón e Riaza, face me, breathe deeply, and stick those breasts of yours out."

Desperate not to show her captor any sign of fear though she was, Jacinta's brown eyes were wide with terror. But no. She would not show weakness in front of a Sandoval. She turned and looked straight ahead over the Comandante's uniformed shoulder, and thrust her breasts firmly out. She felt Ana's hand gently squeezing each breast, stroking the nipples firm. She couldn't prevent herself from trembling with anticipation of the spark that would shoot through one or other of her big round orbs at any second.

And then she was shrieking, doubled over in pain. The unspeakable cow had jabbed the torch deep between her legs, up into the cleft of her cunt, and triggered a barb of pain that injected itself into her intimate recess, sending her into a frantic dance to get away from the horror.

She heard herself scream, and felt the other girls of her group tumbling against her, their chained-together collars pulling on their necks, half-choking them.

Once again the soldier pushed them into line, and to her chagrin, Jacinta was looking through tear-filled eyes at the sneering face of Comandante Sandoval. She was trembling, her tummy felt knotted up, the backs of her knees were quivering. She wanted to yell abuse at the woman, but she kept her mouth shut as the salty tears rolled down her cheeks.

"That's good, prisoner Jacinta, hold your tongue. Save it for licking my ass."

Jacinta shook her head. She was sure the Sandoval girl meant it. But that she would never do. She would die first.

Comandante Sandoval smiled a superior smile, took out a handkerchief from her tunic pocket, and wiped away Jacinta's tears. "Oh, you will," she said. "You will lick my ass and beg to do so. You and all the rest of these bitches."

She turned and walked away. Then she stopped, put her hand on her skirt on her right ass-cheek, and laughed an oddly childish laugh.

Jacinta reddened, feeling the eyes of the other girls watching her.

When Comandante Sandoval had left the room, the old woman, Rocinante, returned. "BRING THEM ALONG, BRING THEM ALONG," she cackled. "HURRY HURRY, SHALL I USE MY PRONG?" She waved her stick at the rows of naked women and skipped away, lead them through into another, larger room.

The soldier who had been guarding them snapped the claw of his snatch-stick around the neck of Dulce Mouse. Jacinta heard her gulp with surprise. She was pulled forwards and the whole group followed her.

Every one of them was frightened of what was to happen.

Jacinta stared around. This new room was big, high-vaulted and stone-clad. Gridded windows far out of reach poured sunlight in. Chains and pulleys trailed from high up in the roof. Along each of the two long walls ran a low stone platform. At intervals in the wall ominous fittings, manacles and hooks, had been bolted to the stones.

A brawny soldier, naked to the waist, and several female Guardias wearing crisply pressed, smart uniforms awaited them. Jacinta's chain was first into the room. One of the Guardias, a pretty, very young woman with a passive face, strode over and snapped the jaws of her snatch-stick around Jacinta's neck, catching her by surprise. She unhooked the Mouse from Jacinta's collar, and the soldier dragged the frightened Mouse over to where the brawny soldier was waiting.

The man towered over the girl, lifted her bodily up as if she was of no weight at all, and placed her on the platform, pushing her back against the wall, and lifting her up until she stood on tiptoe. While the first soldier held her in place with the snatch-stick - though Dulce Mouse was so petrified, Jacinta thought this was surely unnecessary - the big soldier knelt and dragged each leg in turn as far apart as they would go, before locking the ankles in wall-mounted manacles. Then he reached behind her and unfastened her hands, stretching her arms above her head and fastening the wrists to the wall as far apart as he could.

The snatch-stick was unclipped from her neck. The brawny soldier seized her by the waist and shook her, testing his bonds. Satisfied, he left her, all but dangling from her wrists, only the tips of her toes touching the stone platform.

Stretched in a helpless cross, the naked girl was completely exposed, her bare cunt-mound revealing the deep furrow between her legs, and the generous lips half-parted below. The stretched pose narrowed her waist, making her big breasts looked immense. Her skin glowed against the cold stone, and the dark circles around her nipples, moistened with her dripping tears, shone in the light. Jacinta for the first time felt sorry for the girl, embarrassed for her in her helpless display.

But not for long.

A few moments later she found herself being lifted, not very gently, onto the platform beside the Mouse. She too was thrust back against the wall by the brawny soldier, while the Guardia held her neck high, perching her on the tips of her toes. Her legs were stretched wide and fastened, her arms likewise. The Guardia unlatched the stick. Jacinta felt the big hands of the soldier around her waist. He

looked at her - in spite of the height of the platform, and the fact that she was standing on tiptoe, the man was so big he could look straight into her eyes - and shook her so vigorously that she thought he would jerk the manacles from the wall.

Then he turned away and left her trembling.

One by one all twenty girls were dealt with in the same way. Ten girls hung on one of the two long walls in a series of X's, and ten on the opposite wall. Each girl was as exposed and displayed as the female form could be. Several of the girls began to weep, the Mouse of course among them. And even Jacinta's eyes began to fill with despair.

## 7

# A test for Felipe

McTeague was a true verdugo. He was a big man. Not so young maybe. Felipe thought that his shaved head would conceal grizzled hair. Beside him Felipe felt puny. Only in the length of his cock could he match the older man, and even then its thickness was twice that of his own. And that didn't take into account the rows of rings and hard studs that bristled along its whole length.

McTeague said, "Comandante Melosa has got it in for you, I guess. Cousin of yours, I hear."

"My father was the Generalísimo's brother - well, half-brother."

"So, what's the deal with the sisters?"

"It's the Generalísimo. The sisters - my cousins - they're OK. I got into difficulties abroad. They interceded. Otherwise I guess I'd be dead now."

"Cheeze, you must have done bad things."

"I met a girl."

"That's bad?"

"She was into left-wing politics."

"I get it."

"My uncle..."

"Yeah. So you fell on your feet."

"Not really. I got to show I can do this, otherwise..."

McTeague grinned. "That's so bad?"

"I don't think I can. Those last two. I enjoyed it. But afterwards... I felt sorry... guilty..."

"Hey, it's you or them."

"Sure. But I don't think I can do it again. It's hopeless."

McTeague shrugged. "Believe me buddy, when the chips are down, you can."

Hey, I started with Gook women way back. I felt sorry for them at first. We had to get information. Men were easy to get information from - if you could catch them. Usually they got away or got killed. So we were left with the women. They wouldn't talk. But we learned how to do it. Then we refined it a bit. Way up there in the jungle. No one to see. We got a guy in Thailand to make up some gear. Good, and cheap too. Thais know how to make leather stuff. And we found a blacksmith in Seoul who was real clever - imaginative, you know." McTeague smiled. "Those were great days. You heard of Kurtz?"

"Kurtz?"

"Guy in a story. They based the film 'Apocalypse Now' on him. But that didn't show the half. Upcountry you could do anything. Yeah. We had those Gook women running around naked, they looked good in the leather and steel. Some of those babes were real pretty. And after a time we learned to make them compliant. We used to use them as chips in poker games, we had so many. No difference to us whether they were Gooks or on our side, we took 'em anyway. All you had to do was fill in a return sending back information for the intelligence guys. At first we sent real stuff, but later we saw it didn't matter. We found a guy who was real good at making it all up so that they didn't know the difference. You read a book, 'Our Man in Havana'?"

"No, don't think so."

"Hell, ain't you read any books I heard you was a scholar."

"Not literature."

"Well, anyway, what the hell. I felt sorry for these bitches at first. Then I realized. I liked it. The more they suffered the more I liked it. Yeah. You know who you've got to think of in this life?"

"All the same..."

"I did a lot of dirty work for the CIA then. Then I heard Sandoval was wanting help with this place. So here I am. And here are you. Just remember who you've got to think of."

Felipe shook his head. "I don't know."

"Well think about it. I've got a date with three Caribs. The black bitches bring out the beast in me. Hey look, you can see I can't wait. So long."

Felipe watched him go and shook his head. How could he go on? He really felt guilty about the two girls he had hurt. There was Sandoval cruelty in him, he knew that. But he hated it. They'd taught him in the USA to respect women, and his group, they'd wanted equality for everyone, even in Paramundo.

At least he was safe from meeting any of them in here. If they found out what he was being made to do...

"So. Here you are. Idling." Comandante Melosa's voice cut in on his reverie. "Work for you today. You go to Interrogation Room 25. By yourself. No help this time. You will find two women there. You will strip them, beat them, torture them

and fuck them.”

“Melosa...”

“Comandante Melosa. Remember where you are.”

“Comandante Melosa. I-I don’t think I can...”

“Believe me Felipe, you can. You can’t imagine the alternative. What’s more the room is wired. There’s hidden cameras everywhere. I shall be watching you in another room. I shall be with some of the Guardias. Don’t let me down.”

“But Melosa...”

Comandante Melosa threw up her hands in exasperation. “Obey my orders without question, Felipe. I would advise it. Get along now. And don’t forget. I will be watching. And take this with you.” She tossed him his whip.

Felipe turned away disconsolate. How could he torment two complete strangers? Two young women who had done him no harm?

Hesitantly he let himself into Interrogation Room 25. He shut the door behind himself and heard the lock click. He turned to face the women.

His face fell.

This was worse than anything he had dreaded.

In the last few days Felipe has grown used to the ways of the prison at the Palacio Zorrilla. He was becoming used to how the Guardia looked at him. He was even growing used to the uniform of an verdugo at the prison, which is to say, nothing at all. The prisoners didn’t trouble him much. After all, they too were wearing nothing, and he knew none of them.

But now - he found himself staring at two clothed women, and two that he knew well.

“¡Madre de Dios!” he exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”

The two young women looked at him blankly for a moment, and then one exclaimed, “Wow! It’s Felipe Sandoval!”

Felipe stared at them in horror. His first instinct was to flee from them in shame.

“Felipe,” said the one, “we’ve been kidnapped. Thank god you’re here. You’ve got to help us get out of this place.”

Felipe gaped open-mouthed. He couldn’t get over the trick Melosa had played. Rachele and Laura. The two prettiest girls from Van Burgh college. They were dressed in jeans and tiny T-shirts. Their wrists were pulled above their heads by chains hanging from the roof of the interrogation room.

“Felipe,” cried the other, “say something. Say you’ll help us!”

Felipe’s mind was in a turmoil. What would happen when they got back to Van Burgh for the next trimester? But then, he thought, he wouldn’t be going back. The Generalísimo would prevent that. And these two? Felipe wasn’t sure what happened to the girls who ended up in the Presidente’s prison. But maybe they wouldn’t be going back to Van Burgh either. Now they’d seen him like this, it would be best if they didn’t.

“We don’t even know where we are.”

“Why haven’t you got any clothes on?” asked Laura, suspicion in her voice.

“They kidnapped us in Sotorriego. It was horrid. They took all our clothes. They’ve only just given us these to wear. Just before they brought us here. They don’t even fit!”

“You do remember who we are, Felipe?” asked Laura. “Van Burgh...?” Her voice was lower now, coaxing.

“Please say you’ll help us get out of this awful place,” begged Rachelle.

At last Felipe recovered from his shock. He smiled grimly. “Hi, Rachelle, and Laura. It’s good to see you. What do you want me to do?”

“Oh, thank the lord. You will help. First of all, let us down. It hurts standing like this. Have you got the keys to these things?”

Felipe looked around the room. Hidden cameras, he remembered. And up there near the ceiling a prominent CCTV camera kept moving. He was being watched, just as Melosa had said.

“I guess I could help. What are you prepared to do in return?”

“Do? Say, we’re fellow students. We’d help you. For Van Burgh - remember, Van Burgh all the way, and that stuff.”

“I guess. It’s a big risk for me though. What else?”

“You want money?” asked Rachelle. “My dad’s got money. Loads of it. He’d reward you.”

“But how could I be sure I’d get it? I’d have to have the money first, wouldn’t I?”

“OK,” said Rachelle. “You want us to get naked. Sex, right? Sure. Just get us out of here.”

“I’d have to have it up front. not just promises.”

“Huh? Sure, unlock my arms and I’ll do whatever.”

“Maybe I could just grab myself some,” said Felipe. “With you all in chains.”

“You don’t sound so much like Felipe Sandoval. The old Felipe Sandoval.”

Laura was eyeing Felipe’s cock, which was getting bigger by the moment.

“You mean when I took you out that time?”

“You aren’t going to hold that against me - us?”

Felipe flicked out the whip. Both girls sucked in their breath in horror.

“Hey, put that down! You wouldn’t...?”

Felipe tossed the whip onto a bunk that stood against one wall.

“Sure. I’ll put it down. Now how about it?”

“We’ll do a deal. We’ll give you a good time. Then you let us out. Back at Van Burgh we’ll say nothing. That sounds good, huh? What are you doing!”

Felipe had walked over to the wall. A handle there worked the chain that hung from the roof to Rachelle’s manacled hands. He turned it slowly but relentlessly, lifting her up, at first onto tiptoe. She groaned as her feet left the ground. When she was suspended helplessly he stopped.

Laura said, “You’re not going to help us, are you?”

Felipe went to another handle and turned that. Laura’s body began to stretch. “I’m sorry, Señoritas. Truly I am. But this is Paramundo. Such things happen here.” Laura was raised up inch by inch until she was suspended at the same

height as Rachelle. Felipe felt his conscience weakening its grip on him with the thickening of his cock. He'd regret it later, he knew that. But now... "I don't think you two will be going back to Van Burgh. Not any time soon."

Rachelle burst into tears. Laura said, "You brought us here because your date with Rachelle went bad? You're sick, Felipe Sandoval."

"First time I knew you were here was when I walked through that door." He shrugged. "Though I guess you're here because of me somehow. I had nothing to do with it." He walked over towards Rachelle. "But, since you are here, I could just take a peek at what I missed." He reached up and flicked open the top button of Rachelle's jeans. The pants were too big for her and were already slipping down her hips. He jerked the zip down and the garment began to slither down her thighs.

"Stop it," she shrieked. "Leave me alone!"

"No panties. No pussy-hair. Now isn't that something!"

Rachelle squeezed her legs together trying to hold the jeans up. Her movements caused her to spin on the chain. Her round buns came into view.

"You look kind of nice, like that, Rachelle. Sure, hold that pose, while I take a look at Señorita Laura."

Laura kicked out at him, trying to land one in the balls. But the swing of her legs moved her backwards as fast as her legs moved out. Felipe evaded her kick easily. "First Law of Dynamics," he said. "You should have done physics."

"Get away from me, you perverted Mex. Get your hands off me." Felipe's arm encircled her legs, preventing further kicking, while he reached up and unfastened her jeans. Then he pulled them down to her knees in one movement.

"We-ell. So the rumor was true. All the cunt at Van Burgh was hair-free. Now, I approve of that."

Laura was looking at him in horror. "You wimp!" she yelled suddenly. "Just because you weren't man enough to get our panties down by dating us, you get your uncle to kidnap us. You're crazy!"

"You're not going to believe me, but I had nothing to do with it. But I've got a job to do now, and I haven't got any choice." He looked towards the camera in the roof, and added, "And I'm going to do it good."

"What job? What for?"

"Hey, this is a Paramundan prison. You've got to expect some ill treatment. It wouldn't be right else. And just to set your mind at rest, I guess no one else knows you're here. So we get to do whatever we want with you."

He picked up the whip and smirked at the two helpless blondes. "And I do want."

The whip was long, plaited leather over a tapering flexible core and flat leather loops at the business end. It was designed to place blows exactly where the wielder wanted them to land. Felipe was scarcely more than a tyro at this game. But this was an easy weapon to use.

The first blow fell across the width of Rachelle's hips.

She twisted away, beginning to spin on the chain.

The second stroke smacked across the side of her hips.

The third made her soft buns bounce.

The fourth caught the other side of her hips.

Then she was back in position to catch the stinging loops hard against her cunt-mound.

At first she merely flinched away in stunned silence. Then she sucked in her breath; then she moaned. And then she began screaming. Her bucking, swinging legs lost their grip on the loose jeans, which slid to her ankles, then over her bare feet, then down onto the floor.

Felipe targeted Rachele's luscious young body for some minutes, concentrating the lashes on her cunt-mound, her buns, her thighs. He left her breasts covered by the skimpy T shirt and her tears dripped down onto her cloth-covered breasts.

Horrified, Laura watched, dreading the moment he would turn on her.

When he did, she was shaking with fear. "Please, Felipe, I did you no harm. She was the one who gave you a tough time on your date, not me. Hit her. I'm your friend."

"You wouldn't even date me, Laura," Felipe said, rucking her jeans around her ankles to stop her kicking.

"I didn't mean anything. I had a date already. Hey, you can't hold that against me."

"I'm not vindictive, Laura. I don't hold grudges. This is a job. I'm not going to whip you. I'm just whipping a girl in a Paramundan prison." But that wasn't quite true. He was whipping her, Laura, as well as her friend Rachele, and a part of him was saying he liked doing it.

"You bastard!" she shouted, when the first stinging blow caught her vulnerable thighs.

Laura was right. "I guess," he nodded.

And hit her again, sending the tip of the lash skillfully into the cleft of her cunt between her tight closed thighs.

The faces of both girls were streaked with tears by the time Felipe chose to lower them, just far enough to allow their toes to touch the ground. Both girls were nearly speechless with shock, though Laura managed to say between sobs, "Please Felipe, no more. I don't want to be hurt."

Felipe scoffed, "I thought you Yanqui girls were made of stronger stuff. I haven't started on you yet. This is Paramundo. Paramundan prisons have to keep up their standards I guess."

And he took the neck of Laura's T shirt in both hands and, with an effort, ripped it open, tearing it to the hem and exposing her high conical bra-less breasts. He nodded his head appreciatively, and pinched the pale pink nipples. She shrank away from his touch.

"Please, no..." begged Rachele, when he threatened to do the same to her.

He did it anyway.

She shrieked. The material tore easily, jouncing her big round breasts into the open. He left the garment hanging in tatters on each side, and seized the soft melons in his hands. He pummeled them cruelly, then turned aside and retrieved his whip.

“No-o-o! Ee-e-ch! Please!” Each time the lash embedded itself in the soft inviting flesh of her mounds, Rachele repeated the sequence like a mantra. Felipe took no notice. Instead the expression on his face was of extreme concentration, aiming the whip carefully and sending its streak of pain across each breast in turn, or both, across the nipples, or under or over them, and varying it with full-armed lashes across her belly.

If he was thinking of anything besides the actions of the moment, it wasn't the pleadings of the two blondes, which were for him to stop beating them; that if anything was egging him on. No, it was the desire of his cock, which equally wanted him to stop. Stop and fuck both bitches. Sure he could do that at any time. But he wanted them ready for it. Ready, that is, to his mind, not theirs. Was he controlling his cock, or his cock controlling him?

He turned to Laura.

Her firm tight breasts with their pointy nipples were totally different from Rachele's soft pillows. And equally inviting to the whiplash. The hard tips caught the leather loops, and took the force of each of his first dozen blows. He used them like the bull's eyes of a target, an aiming point which he scarcely failed to hit.

Then he set out to punish the whole target, fascinated by their firmness, by the sound of the leather smacking into them, and by the look of fear, shock and pain on Laura's lovely face each time the whip struck. Her blonde hair flew around her head as she twisted and turned to avoid the lash. But Felipe, his cock as rigid as dowel, circled around her and took every advantage to lay the leather across her breasts and belly.

At last he tossed the whip aside. It was time they got fucked. He didn't need a clock to tell him that, just the twitching of his cock, which would not wait longer.

“Oh god,” groaned Laura. “He's going to rape us.”

“Got it in one,” said Felipe “Or maybe you're going to get it in both, ha ha.”

“Plea-ase, noo-o,” wailed Rachele.

“Oh yes. But I got to get you set up first. Now let me see...”

Felipe looked around the interrogation room. He could hear the CCTV camera moving, watching him.

He made up his mind. The bench at the side of the room would serve his purpose exactly.

He located a choke-chain and looped it around Laura's neck. He linked that to the chain which supported her upraised arms, tied a cord around one wrist, and released the manacles. For a brief moment she tried to run forwards, but the choke-

chain tightened around her throat and she desisted.

“You bastard,” she breathed hoarsely, trying to loosen the grip of the chain with her hands. Calmly he took the cord around her wrist and pulled her hand behind her back. He gripped her other hand and twisted that behind her back too, then tied the wrists together, cinching them tightly.

He left her there, then performed the same sequence of actions with Rachelle. Both stood suspended by the throat chains, quite unable to move. Both were naked except for the tatters of their T-shirts, which concealed nothing.

Felipe rooted around the cabinets of the interrogation room, and returned with a bundle of leather and metal in his hands.

He shook open a harness gag, and held it up to Rachelle. “This part,” he pointed out, “goes in your mouth. Open up.”

Naturally Rachelle closed her lips tightly. He took another object from the bundle in his left hand and showed it her. “This goes on your nipple if you don’t obey. We do have ways, you see.” It was a small, toothed clip, with a strong spring. “It’ll hurt.”

Still Rachelle’s mouth remained firmly closed. So he stroked the nipple of her left breast, firming it enough to squeeze the clip over. He let the jaws shut. She twisted and turned in spasms from the pain. She screamed. But when the gag was shown her she shut her mouth again.

He fitted the second clip.

Again the spasms and the shrieks. But this time she held her mouth open. “Put it in. Put it in. But take these things off!”

Felipe nodded happily, and thrust the gag into her now eager mouth. He adjusted it, fitting the wide metal ring behind her teeth to hold her jaw open in a helpless O. Then he fastened the straps around her head, holding it firmly in place.

He stood back to examine her. He liked the black leather encircling her blonde hair, the silver buckles and rings against her fair skin.

He took the second open-mouth gag and held it up to Laura.

“Aren’t you going to take those clips off Rachelle?”

“If you’re a good girl and open your mouth. You wouldn’t like her to suffer too long, would you?”

Laura looked at him accusingly, but with a hopeless shake of her head, opened her mouth. Soon the ring had clicked in place behind her teeth, and her blonde hair was encircled with leather straps too.

But Felipe hadn’t finished with her, nor did he remove the clips from Rachelle’s tits.

Instead, he took two more clips and unhurriedly fastened them on Laura’s hard nipples. The girl did her very best to prevent him, but there was no escape. In a moment or two she was convulsed with pain, gurgling some incomprehensible furious insult behind the ring of her gag.

Felipe pulled on the clips, making sure they were firmly attached, and did the same to Rachelle. Neither girl seemed to appreciate this.

He released Laura and pulled her by the choke-chain over to the bench. "Get up there," he ordered. "Lie on your back."

He pushed her up with the flat of his hand under her ass-cheeks. Very reluctantly she lay down. He pulled the choke chain behind her neck, down under the bench and fastened it there. Then he went to the other end, parted Rachele's legs, adjusting her so that her ass hung just over the edge of the bench. Then he spent some time with ropes and cords, fastening her down so that her lower legs were bound to her thighs, a rope around each ankle was fixed to the legs of the bench, and ropes looped around her knees were fixed to hold her folded legs wide open.

The bench was designed for this position, being just the right length to allow a girl's buns to hang over one end while her head fell back at the other.

Still he had not unclipped the tit-clips.

He went over and fetched an even more reluctant Rachele. He made her clamber on top of her friend, but facing the opposite way, and lying on her stomach. He fixed her legs wide open straddling Laura's head, and passed a rope around her shoulders so that she could not rear up. Her head was now between Laura's legs.

Then he brought out his final device. Rachele looked at it in horror with uncomprehending eyes.

But she soon learned what it was.

A U-shaped twist of metal, the prongs bent back on themselves for about three-quarters of an inch, was attached at the curve of the U to a cord. He'd seen pictures of this thing while he'd been at the prison. But this was the first time he'd used one. Deftly he fitted it.

The bent-back prongs slipped into each of Rachele's nostrils, the U lay over the length of her nose. Felipe took the cord back over her head, through a loop on the crown strap of her gag-harness, and tied it to her bound hands, pulling the cord tight so that her hands were drawn high up her back at the same time as her nose was pulled up, lifting her head and making her look fixedly forward.

Now he was ready to begin.

And not before time as far as his impatient cock was concerned.

He stood at the end of the bench against Rachele's hips. Laura's head, pulled back by the choke-chain was against his thighs. Rachele's cunt was wide open, inviting. But he didn't want cunt. He pressed the tip of his cock against the ring of her anus and pushed. The ring opened slowly, and his hard cock forced its way in. Inch by reluctant inch Rachele permitted him entry until he was deep inside her.

Laura's only view of the proceedings was of Felipe's thighs, his tight balls, and his cock slowly disappearing inside her friend. Probably she didn't look for long. The choke-chain made such a view a strain.

But she certainly felt his eager movements. Once he had embedded himself to the hilt of his cock - no mean feat on his part or hers given the length of it - he began to fuck her with an excitement and a vigor he had never felt before. He had no idea

whether Rachelle could have been a good fuck on a date. But she certainly was when fastened down this way. But then so would any woman have been. Helpless bitches, bitches in pain, they make the best fucks of all, Felipe was coming to learn.

He would never go back now. Not to that hit-and-miss business of dating, not to asking for it, giving pleasure as much or more than you got. No, pure rape of cunts in pain. That was his future, whether his conscience liked it or not.

He was ramming into Rachelle so hard, he could hear her squealing. His actions pressed her down onto Laura, and the pinching clips on their nipples cut into each other. And Rachelle, her head held helpless by the nose-hook, how good it felt to fuck her. He wanted to see her, but for that he had to go to the other end of the bench.

He pulled out of Rachelle's ass-hole, and rammed his cock deep into Laura's mouth, enjoying the sensation of her lips and tongue around it.

Then glistening with her spit as it was, he walked round the table and eased it into Laura's ass-hole. Suitably moistened it slid in easily. She took it all until he could feel the ring of her ass-hole right against the very base of his cock.

He looked down to see Rachelle's face, encircled by leather straps, her mouth distorted by the ring gag, and her nose snubbed upwards by the prongs of the nose-hook. Such a sight was inspiring!

He rammed into Laura, fucking her ass with an urgency that was unstoppable. Deep in that cushiony depth, the tight ring holding and stimulating his cock, the girls squealing with each impulse of his body, and Rachelle's blue hating eyes staring at him, how long could he last?

With a groan he pulled out of her, grabbed Rachelle's head in both hands and thrust his cock deep into her mouth, jetting his cum remorselessly down her throat.

At length he sagged back. It took some moments before he could get back his breath.

Then he picked up his whip. "It's not over yet, you lazy cunts," he said.



R.

## The Generalísimo inspects the Prisoners

The twenty girls, each one with their legs as far apart as possible - much further than was comfortable - and standing on tiptoe, with their arms spread wide above their heads, ankles and wrists locked to the stones by harsh steel manacles, all formed a line of X's around the room. Luscious warm flesh against cold hard stone. Black hair swirling about their shoulders. Muscles straining, and the longer they were left the more their eyes begged for pity.

They weren't gagged, which was some relief, but they dared not speak. Rocinante was in the room, brandishing her stick, warning them, "NOBODY DARE SPEAK, OR THIS'LL MAKE HER SHRIEK."

But for a long time nothing happened.

Jacinta grew bored. She smothered a yawn. How much longer would they have to wait? And what for? Was this the torture she had been led to expect in the Generalísimo's prison? Her shoulders hurt, and her back was beginning to ache, and the rough stone of the wall behind her was cold against her ass-cheeks. Standing on tiptoe was painful. But it wasn't the kind of torment she had expected to endure.

She watched the soldiers wander in and out of the room. They too were becoming bored. The brawny soldier put on his shirt and smartened himself up. He left the room and returned with greased back hair.

More than once her eyes closed but strung up like that she could not relax. She opened her eyes to see Comandante Sandovalmarch through the door, take one look around and march out again. The soldiers seemed to take this as a signal. They straightened their uniforms and stood more upright. Then came a cry of command: "¡Firmes!". The crash of army boots and the slap of hands on rifles in the corridors outside, left the prisoners in no doubt that they had little longer to

wait.

Jacinta felt a pang of fear in her belly. She glanced at her companions. Each one had gone pale, their eyes round and staring at the doorway.

And Sandoval himself strode in.

He was accompanied by his bodyguard Fabio, a man of tremendous strength, though of no great height, for Sandoval himself was not a tall man and had no desire that one so close to him should show up his lack of stature.

Behind them, an evil grin on her face, came Rocinante.

Jacinta had seen the Generalísimo many times. She had met him at functions when taken along by her father. He was gray-haired, wore a little grey moustache, and his face was growing plump, to match his plump body. He wore a grey army uniform with a broad red stripe down the seam of the pants, rows of medal ribbons across the tunic breast, and a red band around his high crowned peaked cap, surmounted at the front with the badge of the Paramundan coat of arms. (Motto: Dios, Patria y Honor.) A medallion of the Order of the Golden Condor of Paramundo showed at his collar. He held himself erect, a stance which had the effect of accentuating his growing portliness.

The Generalísimo waved his hand to dismiss the crisp salutes of his men and the Guardias. Without hesitation he strode once right around the room, glancing briefly at each chained girl. Rocinante skipped along beside him, for once saying nothing.

Sandoval showed no sign of recognizing Jacinta, though she was sure he must have done so. Was that all there was to it? she asked herself. They had been made to hang there for hours just for this. She felt a mingled sense of anticlimax and relief.

Unfortunately she was wrong.

Much more was to come.

At the door he turned.

Slowly his hooded gaze ran along the two rows of naked girls. He nodded. "Comandante!" he said.

Ana Sandoval marched across the room and stood before him, coming to attention. She saluted. "Sí, mi Generalísimo."

"I congratulate you, Comandante Sandoval," he said. "A fine collection. You have done well."

Ana Sandoval beamed. For a moment Jacinta imagined he was going to give her a medal. But instead, he saluted her, and she saluted back again. What a charade, Jacinta thought. Father and daughter acting like they were in some music-hall comedy. Somewhere to the side of them Rocinante was doing a mocking little dance, mimicking them.

"Good," said Sandoval. "Now we begin."

Ana Sandoval gestured to one of the Guardias, who approached, carrying a

clipboard. She and the Generalísimo marched across to where Dulce Mouse was suspended. Fabio, as always, kept close.

“Name?” he said.

The Guardia consulted her clipboard. “She is Dulce Cardenas, the daughter of Professor Cardenas at the university.”

“Ah yes, the pip-squeak who wrote an article in a newspaper about me. He was quick enough to offer his beloved daughter when faced with the alternative. It was lucky for him that he had such a beauty to trade for his life.”

Dulce Cardenas lowered her head. Tears began to flow.

“Do we know anything else about her?”

“Apparently she is extremely intelligent,” continued the Guardia. “She has passed all her examinations a year early, and at seventeen is already in her second trimester...”

“Whatever that means,” Sandoval interrupted. “No doubt the university’s loss. But an inviting tight cunt like this should not be wasted on books.” And without hesitation he stepped forward, seized each of the girl’s breasts and squeezed them hard.

Rocinante cackled. “LOTS AND LOTS OF BRAIN, NOW FOR THE PAIN!”

Dulce’s face reddened with shame, and Jacinta heard her suck in her breath with shock when the Generalísimo parted the lips of her cunt and thrust three fingers deep up inside her.

“Face front, slut!” Jacinta had been gazing open-mouthed at Sandoval and the Mouse. But Comandante Sandoval had seen her and sent a Guardia over. “Face front!” she repeated, and underlined the command with a stroke of her crop across Jacinta’s belly.

Jacinta’s eyes blazed fury, but, helpless, she did as she was bid. Beside her she heard the Mouse squeal pitifully, and several of the soldiers watching laughed. Fabio did not smile.

A few moment’s later she heard Sandoval’s voice. “And this one? The inquisitive slut?”

“This is Jacinta Maira de Falcón e Riaza. The revolutionary. Her father...”

“Ah yes, I know,” responded Sandoval, a slow satisfied smile spreading across his face. “Her father is my very good friend José. He begged me as a favor to him to take her away before she damaged his position any further. I was pleased to comply. Such a spirited and charming girl at our little receptions. And such a prick tease.” He reached forward and ran his hands over Jacinta’s breasts, then, squeezing one, ran his hand over her bare cunt, and forced his fingers inside her.

Jacinta groaned.

“Is there more?” Sandoval asked.

“The intelligence service says she has no interest in the people. Her idea of revolution is to put herself at the head of it, wearing a glamorous costume. She has expressed her hatred for the present regime and... and for the, uh, the ruling family...” The Guardia’s voice trailed off.



R.

“So, the little cunt hates the Sandovals?” Sandoval said, thoughtfully. “So much the better. We need show no pity towards her - not that we would have in any case!”

She could feel his hand between her legs, and feel his fingers stroking her ass hole. Suddenly he thrust two stubby fingers hard into her.

Jacinta’s caution vanished. “You fat little bastard,” she yelled. “Get your finger out of my fucking backside!”

For a moment there was profound silence in the room. Sandoval kept his fingers just where they were. With his other hand he stroked his neck, gazing up at her with amusement.

Rocinante sang out, “ SHE SWORE, SHE SWORE, WHIP THE WHORE!”

Maddened, Jacinta could not prevent herself adding, “I hate you - all of you. You, Sandoval pig and all your piglets.”

“Gag her,” said Sandoval simply.

Comandante Sandoval pointed to a Guardia. “Steel gag, quickly!”

“Sí, mi Comandante,” said the girl and ran quickly to fetch the item.

A moment later the Guardia returned, but not before the Generalísimo had moved casually moved on to the next girl.

“Her name is Cuca Cela de Monterey,” the Guardia began, reading from her clipboard. “From one of the best families. Her father and mother traded her in exchange for the title of baron for the family. Apparently the girl was pleased to comply with their wishes...”

Jacinta wasn’t listening. The other Guardia was thrusting a slender steel plug into her mouth as far as she could, almost to the back of her throat. A flat plate prevented further entry, pressing up against the front of her lips. It resembled a metal baby’s dummy, but its function was far more sinister. Projecting from the front of the gag was a key, which the Guardia turned. Jacinta could feel the steel in her mouth expanding outwards, beginning to press on her tongue and the roof of her mouth, forcing her jaws open.

Her eyes widened. She stared at the Guardia. She was young, black-haired, the big brown eyes and her small stub-nose made her look younger than she presumably was. There was a cruel twist to her mouth. All the same, under cover of the voice of the Guardia reading out Cuca’s details, she whispered, “This thing’s hellish. Act like you were in pain, and I won’t tighten it all the way.”

Jacinta’s eyes widened further. Looming right over them, unseen by the Guardia was Comandante Sandoval herself. She flicked her gaze over the Guardia’s shoulder, then back, trying to warn her.

The Comandante seized the Guardia by the arm. “That I heard! Soldier-” she pointed at one of the men “-handcuff this bitch! And you! Fetch another steel gag!”

She flashed her sharp blue eyes at Jacinta, twisted the key in the front of the gag hard, then with a toss of her head turned away. Now Jacinta learned what the Guardia meant. The gag was hellish. The last twist opened the gag out, gaping her jaws. In the same moment it released a serrated bar that jabbed down on her

tongue. That hurt. Her head twisted from side to side, she heard herself gurgling, and drool dribbled from the side of the gag. Her eyes were tight closed with the pain.

Never one to waste time, even before Jacinta had stopped twisting and straining against her bonds, Ana Sandoval seized the young Guardia by her hair, wrenched her head up, and crammed another of the steel horrors in her mouth. A flip of the hand, and in one movement the splines of the gag opened out in the girl's mouth, forcing open her mouth, and releasing the serrated bar concealed within.

Jacinta opened her eyes to see the young girl paying for her attempt to help her, writhing, held up by Ana Sandoval's grip on her hair, tears streaming down her face.

Sandoval impatient to continue with his close inspection of his captives, growled, "Take the traitress away. We'll deal with her in our own good time."

At last, seemingly hours later, the Generalísimo finished with the end girl on the opposite wall. He professed himself satisfied with a brief nod of his head. He said a few words to his daughter. Ana Sandoval strode to the middle of the room.

"Prisoners, attention!" she shouted.

The chained women stared hopelessly at her. Each one had just been violated by the Generalísimo. Each one was sure worse was to follow. Jacinta, in agony the whole time, could scarcely see the Comandante through her tear-filled eyes.

"Generalísimo Sandoval is content with you, and you will be pleased to hear that he is prepared to accept you in his house of correction. In spite of your criminal activities he believes you are capable of being trained to discipline and order worthy of young women of the state of Paramundo."

¡Dios mio! thought Jacinta, she'll sing the Paramundan national anthem next.

"In view of the indiscipline of one of your number -" she stared hard at Jacinta "- the Generalísimo has been kind enough to allow you to witness the severity of the regimen you will be under."

Oh no, I'm to be beaten as well, Jacinta thought.

Comandante Sandoval gestured to one of the Guardia, who marched across towards Jacinta. Her heart sank. Already humiliated and hurt, worse was to happen.

But she was wrong. The Guardia walked past her, and raised her snatch-stick to snap it round the neck of the Mouse. In moments the Guardia's deft hands had unfastened the girl's limbs from the wall-restraints, manacled her hands behind her back, and dragged her protesting form across to the middle of the room.

Ana Sandoval took the snatch-stick from the Guardia's hands and said, "This is an honor you, girl. The Generalísimo has chosen you for this demonstration. You are very lucky."

Whether the Mouse thought she was lucky or not, Jacinta couldn't see, because the girl had her back to her. But she watched the Guardia chain her handcuffs high

up her back, to the collar around her neck. She pulled one of the dangling chains down to connect with the same loop on the back of her collar. A moment later the Mouse was hauled up onto tiptoe. Another Guardia came over with a long bar and fitted it between the Mouse's legs, spreading her ankles wide.

Poor Dulce Mouse, thought Jacinta, watching the girl pivoting helplessly between the chain on her collar and one toe, the spreader-bar preventing both feet from reaching the ground at the same time.

Generalísimo Sandoval took off his jacket and handed it to one of the Guardias. He rolled up the sleeves of his expensive-looking shirt, revealing surprisingly brawny, hairy arms. He selected a longish whip, and, the Order of the Golden Condor of Paramundo still around his neck, and his cap still on his head, he swished the whip through the air for a few practice strokes.

A moment later, without warning, he lashed it across Dulce Cardena's belly.

The air was rent with her ear-splitting scream.

That will give you something to cry about, thought Jacinta. I suppose it was my fault, but I'm glad it's you rather than me.

The whip hissed through the air again and caught Dulce Cardena right across her middle. She doubled up in pain, an action which, since she could not bend, brought her legs up and suspended her for a moment by her collar. Jacinta winced at the sound of her gurgling choke.

Her foot touched the ground, and she spun round, allowing Sandoval to smack the leather right across her buns. She began to spin away from the pain, but not so fast that Sandoval couldn't fetch her a stroke upwards, right where the incurve of the ass-cheeks meets the back of the thighs.

Dulce shrieked.

Not half so much as when, facing front once more the whip caught her in two swift movements, once very hard across the points of her breasts, and once even harder, even more unexpected, straight up between her legs, digging deep into the cleft of the unfortunate - and innocent - girl's tender cunt.

Several of the other girls suspended from the wall were crying out now, horrified by what was happening in front of their eyes. The soldiers were watching intently, nodding approval each time a stroke caught the girl with particular effect. Their uniform pants bulged.

Sandoval seemed tireless. Tireless and pitiless. The greater the intensity of the girl's piteous cries, the greater the force he seemed to attack her with. The welts across her body stimulated him to produce more. Her soft flesh was soon striped with vicious red lines front and back.

Not one of the girls there was able to prevent herself trembling with fear. Jacinta too, despite the abiding hatred she felt for the Sandovals, a hatred that gave her courage, was overawed by the torment Sandoval was inflicting. All with a grimly contented smug smile on his face.

At last, he swung the whip three, four, five times hard and savagely upwards, precisely between the lips of her cunt. Dulce Mouse almost twisted over backwards

in her spasmodic hopeless attempts to get away from Sandoval's relentless whip.

Her screams had died away to pitiful sobs, heart-rending to anyone else, but a Sandoval. Now he threw the whip aside, unzipped his gray pants, gripped the girl by her hips and rammed his cock without delay deep into her punished cunt.

Jacinta watched in amazement. The old Sandoval ruts like a donkey, she thought. And a sense of dread came over her when she realized that Dulce was not going to be the only one to feel the Sandoval's cock up her. Her own cunt twitched with sudden fear.

Just how long was he going to go on? He was treating Dulce mouse like a rag doll, an object to take out his insatiable lust on, a woman to be used for nothing but his own frighteningly sadistic pleasure.

At last he came, violently and deeply inside her, thrusting into her with shocking force, lifting her off the ground and not caring that she was choking, the sensation of the fear in his victim adding to his lust.

Jacinta, stretched in her helpless and vulnerable cross, her mouth filled to jaw-breaking point with the fearsome steel gag, watched with shame-filled horror as the Generalísimo released Dulce Mouse, retrieved his whip, drew back his arm, and proceeded to lash her once more, breasts and buns, belly and cunt, thighs and back.

She looked at the Guardias, how their nipples poked through their uniform blouses, the expressions of adoration on their faces. She looked at the soldiers, shaking their heads in wonder and admiration. Even Fabio seemed to be twisting his expressionless face into a smile.

And she looked at Comandante Sandoval, watching her father with a look of mingled pride and inspiration.

And her own future felt oppressively insecure.

## Jacinta in the Lion's Den

After having witnessed Sandoval's shocking beating and rape of poor innocent Dulce Mouse, Jacinta was sure her own punishment would not stop at the dreadful expanding gag they had forced into her mouth. Dulce Mouse had done nothing. She had spit in the Presidente's face.

Well, the deed was done, and she didn't regret it. Had the gag allowed her, she would have smiled at the thought. But she knew she would have to suffer for it. The Sandovals never let an insult go by.

Once Sandoval had finished with the Mouse he had handed her over to the soldiers. He and Fabio, together with Comandante Sandoval, left. Rocinante skipped after them.

Still bound and helpless, Dulce Cardenas, her so promising university career at an end, was raped and beaten again and again, the men laughing and happy, the Guardias egging them on, booing if any soldier wasn't tough enough on their victim.

Jacinta and the others watched until, satiated with Dulce Cardenas's body, they left her, still hanging there from her arms, and took each of the other girls away, leaving only Jacinta stretched in her X-shape against the wall. After a long time, during which Jacinta could either close her eyes or look at the one remaining object in the room, the beaten and raped figure of Dulce Mouse, far past sobbing, hanging all but senseless in the middle of the chamber.

Eventually a Guardia returned, and without a glance at the Mouse, came over to Jacinta. Without warning she snapped the claw of her snatch-stick around Jacinta's neck. "You are the lucky one," she said. "You've been chosen by the Generalísimo himself to serve him in his bedchamber. He really has taken a fancy to you." But the way she grinned sardonically as she said this did not encourage Jacinta to

believe that what was about to happen to her would be any more pleasant than she could expect.

All the same, she was bathed and made up as if she was a celebrity. She wasn't given a ball-gown exactly, or even a night-gown, but shiny new leather straps were fitted around her wrists, the gruesome gag was removed and replaced with a sort of head-harness in the same shiny leather and silver - this incorporated a metal tube that slid into her mouth and held her jaws almost as wide open as the punishment gag, though after that device it felt almost comfortable. An odd looking leather bra was fitted around her, merely leather straps like the head-harness, but with steel rings encircling her nipples.

Otherwise she was left completely naked.

And she waited. Tired as she was from her ordeal during Sandoval's inspection, they made her wait, standing, chained to a wall, her wrist straps locked together behind her back, her ankle straps fastened together and to the wall.

Eventually another girl was brought along to stand beside her. A mestiza. Quite naked except for leather straps at wrist and ankle, she too wore a collar and an open mouthed gag, though Jacinta thought that hers was different in some way, more open, yet designed for a different purpose. And the mestiza wore no leather strap-bra. She was a big girl, slender-waisted, but with heavy, almost pendant breasts and wide hips. Her cunt-mound was prominent and the cleft of her cunt was deep and obvious. She had a mass of thick black hair that reached almost to her buns, and swirled around her head with every movement.

For a time they stood next to each other fastened close together against the wall. Jacinta ignored her as she would any mestiza. The inferior, darker-skinned women, with their obviously wider faces and glittering eyes - she always held them in contempt. Even now, companion prisoners, helpless sacrifices to the lusts of the Sandovals as they both were, she could not bring herself to admit any connection between them. As far as Jacinta was concerned, they weren't quite human, not in the same sense she was.

It would take her a long time to realize that no prisoner of the Sandovals had the option of being quite human. They were just animals to bait and give pleasure.

Eventually, when Jacinta had become so bored with waiting that she felt she would rather take whatever punishment was coming than stand there a moment longer, a Guardia come for them, chained them together by the neck, fastened a hobble-chain between each girl's legs, locked a snatch-stick around the mestiza's neck and took them away, Jacinta forced to follow in the footsteps of the despised half-breed.

The journey was long. They left behind the stone walls and stone floors of the prison, found themselves in an elevator, in a corridor plushly carpeted, at last in a suite of rooms.

The Guardia left them, hooking each of them to the wall in a narrow back corridor.

They stood in silence, ignoring each other. The mestiza, who up to then had

had an air of careless obedience, as if she had experienced everything before - Jacinta had decided she had been serving a sentence in Sandoval's prison for some time - now began to tremble. She moaned softly to herself. Clearly she new where she was, and was afraid.

Jacinta became annoyed. She felt herself being affected by the mestiza's fear, and involuntarily she began to tremble herself. That was the last thing she wanted in front of any of the Sandovals.

A door at the end of the corridor was open. Movement could be heard in the rooms beyond. A vacuum cleaner. Glasses rattling. Furniture being moved. But no voices.

At length the shadow of a figure crossed the doorway. Someone entered. Both girls turned quickly to look.

Jacinta caught her breath.

A woman entered, tall and powerful looking, made taller by shoes with heels higher than anything even Jacinta had worn. She wore a varnished leather top that left her midriff and most of the upper halves of her breasts bare, and a leather skirt so tight around her hips and thighs that she could take only the shortest steps. Yet she walked with a swaying easy elegance that aroused Jacinta's envy. She was obviously Indian. Her thick black hair was piled and twisted into an elaborate arrangement, held in place with a silver ornament. She wore a silver collar, complete with the same sort of pendant-number that all the inmates wore.

And something besides.

She was muzzled. That is, a sort of hard, shiny leather snout had been fitted to the lower half of her face, covering her nose, mouth, and chin. It was held in place by straps and silver buckles and even tiny padlocks.

The only way Jacinta could tell that she was Indian was the darker tone of her skin, and the deep dark eyes that looked at her out of a different world.

Jacinta shuddered under the uncompromising, un pitying gaze.

The woman looked them both up and down. The mestiza shook with fear, and whimpered when she was unhooked from the wall and dragged unwillingly off into the suite of rooms.

Time passed. Eventually the woman returned. She regarded Jacinta closely, catching and holding her gaze for a long time. Her hands caressed Jacinta's big breasts. Jacinta backed away, pressing herself against the wall. She felt the Indian's fingers rolling her nipples, gently at first, then as they firmed, harder and harder. Jacinta murmured a protest. The woman pinched the left nipple hard, holding it while Jacinta squealed and tried to turn away. Gradually she increased the pressure, digging her long nails into the tender skin until Jacinta was screaming hoarsely behind the mouth filling gag. Still she did not stop, waiting until the tears sprang into her victim's eyes. Then she stopped.

Only to begin the same process with her right nipple. This time, even when the agony was causing Jacinta to sag at the knees, to twist and try to wrench her poor tit out of the grip of this Indian bitch, there was no release.

For long minutes she held the nipple, crushing it with her finger-ends and stabbing it with her nails. Jacinta shook her head with the pain, her long black hair flying around her head, her liquid eyes narrowed, her gag-stretched mouth unable to beg her tormentor to stop.

At last the woman twisted her nipple, tugging the whole breast upwards, and then released her. Without a word she unhooked Jacinta and dragged her through into the next room.

Jacinta looked wildly around. She was in a luxurious day room. Through the wide windows at one side she could see the lights of Veragonza. She recognized the tower of the cathedral, and knew she was looking out of one of the upper rooms of the Palazzo Zorilla itself. She felt sure that this suite with its plush red and white decor was the private quarters of Sandoval himself.

And that he hadn't arranged for her to visit just for a chat over cocktails.

There was no sign of the mestiza. The Indian woman led her to the middle of the room, to a space between a horseshoe of red sofas. She was made to stand on a red, circular piece of carpet, placed exactly in the middle of a broad thickly-piled rug.

The woman lowered a chain from the ceiling, fastened the hook at its end to her collar and hoisted her up so that she stood on tiptoe. Then she fastened her ankles together and buckled a leather strap around her thighs.

And left her.

Jacinta looked wildly around. She could see herself reflected in a the glass of a picture, naked, alone, helpless, a sacrificial victim to the power and lust of the Sandovals.

Long minutes passed. The strain of standing on tiptoe hurt the backs of her legs; the steel collar drawn tight up under her chin hurt her neck. The wide-open ring-gag made her drool helplessly. She felt herself dribbling onto her own breasts, which still hurt madly from the pinching her nipples had received.

The Indian woman came into the room again, this time in company with another, shorter and more buxom, dressed in exactly the same manner. With scarcely a glance at Jacinta, they passed through another door.

At length they came back. The one woman placed a silver box on a table near to Jacinta, then both women went over to the main door and stood at each side of the entrance.

Silence reigned. Jacinta was sure they were being surveyed by spy-cameras. And she was sure something awful was going to happen as soon as one of the Sandovals arrived.

Which happened just as the clock that had been ticking away the minutes struck eight.

Sandoval walked in.

The two muzzled, leather-clad women fell into step behind him. He walked over to the sofa in front of Jacinta and sat down. One of the women brought him a drink in a tall stemmed glass. He took it without a word of thanks.

He regarded Jacinta with a sardonic smile on his face.

At last he spoke. "So, the spitter has paid me a visit. So charming. And such a nice revealing outfit. I designed it myself, you know. I have a talent for that sort of thing." He downed his drink and stood up abruptly. "To tell the truth, Jacinta, my dear, I haven't much time to chat. There is so much to do. A man in my position, you understand how it is, an hour here and an hour there, that is all I can spare."

He held out his hand. One of the Indian women slipped a whip into it. He reached the other arm around Jacinta's waist, pressed the side of her hips against himself, and in the most matter-of-fact way struck her a dozen sharp blows all down the front of her soft thighs. He stood back and slapped the leather whip a dozen more times across her belly from crotch to navel. He turned his attention to the back of her thighs, to her ass-cheeks, making her squeal and jump.

Then he tossed the whip down onto the sofa.

Jacinta thought for one wild moment that she'd got away with it easily. Sure that had hurt a bit, but not so bad as she had expected. She didn't know yet, though she learned soon enough, that Sandoval - and the verdugos and Guardias - routinely beat their prisoners before torturing or raping them. It wasn't an option, and no one thought anything of it. Except the prisoners, of course.

Sandoval flicked his fingers. The shorter Indian woman took up the silver box and held it open for her master. Sandoval reached inside and took out a small object that caught the light. He held it up so that Jacinta could see it. "Do you know what this is for?" he asked.

It looked to be a piece of bent wire - no, a bent pin - no, a...

"It's a hook. Specially made. There's two of them in the box. Can you guess what they are for?"

Jacinta felt the taller Indian woman come and stand behind her. She felt her firm grip on her arms. She felt herself held tightly in position.

Sandoval came forward and pawed Jacinta's breasts. He pulled on the right nipple, pulling it through the metal ring that surrounded it. With his other hand, the hand with the hook in it, he pressed the sharp point of the hook against the top of Jacinta's thick nipple. And pressed. Piercing the skin.

Jacinta shrieked, her body jerking away from the pain. But she was checked. The Indian woman was immensely strong. In her grip Jacinta was rigidly held.

Sandoval looked briefly into her eyes. An amused smile creased his face, stretching his moustache. Slowly, deliberately slowly, he pushed the sharp point of the hook deep into Jacinta's nipple. She screamed through the open ring of the gag. Screamed and screamed. and the more she screamed, the more Sandoval pushed the hook down through, until at last the point broke through the under side.

Shaking, barely able to look, Jacinta let her gaze fall. She saw the silver hook gleaming in the room's lights. She saw Sandoval push it completely through and feed it round, until the nipple was firmly caught.

Then, through tear-filled eyes, she saw the Generalísimo pick out another hook and apply it to her left nipple.

This time he wasn't agonisingly slow. Yet agonising it was. He pushed the sharp point of the hook against the top of her nipple, just as before. Then in one short movement, stabbed it down, right through her nipple, and twisted it into place.

Rigid with pain, held immovably tight, drool in long streams dripping from her gag, tears rolling down her cheeks, Jacinta screeched her hopeless protest.

Sandoval stood back and regarded his handiwork.

Jacinta, trying her hardest to remain stoical, but weeping, drooling, trembling, helpless, stared back at him with as much defiance as she could muster. Sandoval stroked his moustache thoughtfully, then held out his hand for the whip.

Instantly it was placed there, he swung the whip once again against her thighs and belly, much harder this time, sending her reeling back, recoiling from each slash of fiery pain.

This time he didn't stop there, but brought the whip down on the upper halves of her breasts, scoring a frenzied scream from his victim. Pleased, he struck her again, bringing the whip hard up against the plump undercurves of her breasts.

Her cries hoarse and unchecked, Jacinta pivoted between her neck-chain and the tips of her toes, trying to avoid the burning pain of the whip. So frenzied were her movements that the muzzled Indian woman, strong as she was, could not hold her, but was pushed off-balance.

The Generalísimo nodded, satisfied. "Softly, softly," he said, and grinned. "Fix the bitch in place. We'll see how she likes her new position in life." He waved his hand dismissively.

The Indian women released her from her neck-chain, relieving the agony on her throat, and dragged her away across the white carpet without troubling to release her legs.

Twenty minutes later, Jacinta found herself bound and prepared. What they'd prepared her for she wasn't sure. Except of course that she wouldn't like it.

She'd become an item of the furnishings of Generalísimo Sandoval's bathroom. They'd made her kneel on the hard tiles of a sort of basin, a square of ceramic with a lip all around. Above the lip ran a rail. Jacinta knelt in the middle, her knees wide apart. One of the Indian women had held her in a head lock, forcing her head to the ground, while the other had crammed something in her ass-hole. How she'd squealed! She'd felt the tip of it against her tender ring, cold and metallic. She'd felt the tip of it opening her, forcing its way in. Then it had begun, the agony as inch by inch the massive device was thrust deep into her. It was ridged around with broad rings the whole length of its shaft - which was not short. She couldn't believe they were going to try to cram so much inside her, or that so much would fit. But these women were skilled. Deeper and deeper it went until they were satisfied, and that was only when the whole shaft was inside.

One of the women stood astride her, straightening her up, while the other pushed

Jacinta's ass down towards the tiles. The end of the device that jutted out of her asshole was fitted with a wide suction cap. The Indian woman pressed that down onto the tiles, ejecting the air, and fixing it in place. Jacinta couldn't move. The device was firmly embedded in her ass - she would need help to remove it - and it was so long that she had to kneel bolt upright. She could feel its rigid alien shaft inside her. Her ass-hole was stretched around it. She was terrified it would never come out, that the head of it had impaled her irrevocably.

She was begging them to take it out, but her words through the ring of her gag were without meaning. And would they have listened to her anyway?

And now, there she was, fixed in the dish, her wrists fastened up behind her to the back of her collar, a rope bound in her thick black hair, dragging her head back so that she stared at the ceiling, and fastened to the rail behind her. Guy-ropes were tied to the sides of her head gag and knotted to the rail on each side of her, so that her head was held rigidly in position. Much worse than any of this, they had threaded cords through the eyelets of the fishhooks in her nipples, and pulled them down and bound them to the rail in front of her, pulling them tight, drawing her breasts downwards, and testing its tautness by plucking the cords to make them hum. Jacinta had never known such pain.

And she tried not to think what the purpose was of the last item they had added to her costume. The wide-open ring-gag, it seemed, had been made to fit something. And that something was a funnel. It slid deep into her mouth, pressing her tongue down, and snapped immovably in place.

And once again, Jacinta waited.

She found that she could swivel her eyes to gaze with difficulty to one of the big wall-mirrors. She could see herself in her awkward position. and she could see through the door into a bedroom. A giant, half-canopied bed surmounted by the Paramundan coat of arms and the coat of arms the Sandoval family had awarded themselves, told her that this was the Presidente's own bedroom.

She could see the mestiza too. She was bound, naked as ever, in a wide-open X-shape at the foot of the bed, her back to Jacinta.

After a time she saw Sandoval himself appear. This time he was naked himself, uninhibited in front of his women prisoners and slaves. As ever he had a whip in his hand. With this he struck the mestiza's thighs, then her ass-cheeks, then all up her back, letting the whip wrap itself around her body so that the tip snapped against the sides of her ample breasts.

Then the door to the bathroom was shut. And all Jacinta could do was listen to the sounds of a whipping that made the earlier beating of the Mouse seem gentle. She heard eventually the unmistakable sounds of the girl being fucked mercilessly.

Then the whipping began again.



R.

The door suddenly opened.

It was much later. Jacinta had almost dozed off, as far as that was possible in such a predicament. But now her eyes flew open. The mestiza was thrust into the room. She no longer wore her gag, but her arms were bound behind her back. One of the Indian slaves accompanied her, pushing her over to where Jacinta knelt.

Sandoval himself entered, still naked, still carrying a whip.

He waved his finger at the mestiza. "Get up there, slut, stand on the dish, astride. Legs wider."

Jacinta, horrified, found herself staring up between the open legs of the half-breed, her gaze filled with the girl's shaved cunt.

The mestiza was looking down at her, a broad, contemptuous smile on her face.

And she began to piss into the funnel, sending a copious, seemingly unending stream of hot liquid into Jacinta's helplessly open mouth.

The funnel filled to the brim. Sandoval snapped his fingers, and the girl immediately stopped. Sandoval stepped forward. "Swallow, cunt," he growled. "Swallow all of it."

Defiantly, though her mouth was full of the mestiza's piss, she refused. Sandoval leaned forward and flicked his index finger against the side of Jacinta's fishhook pierced nipple.

The pain was ghastly.

Still she defied him.

He flicked the other nipple. Tears filled her eyes, tears of pain, and tears of defeat. She began to swallow, shamed by the triumphant look on the mestiza's face.

Gulp by reluctant gulp the liquid disappeared from the funnel, and Jacinta felt her belly fill with piss - the piss of a derided half-breed. Never before had she known such shame.

At last the ordeal was over. Let them leave her alone.

Sandoval snapped his fingers again. The girl began to piss again.

**End of Part One**

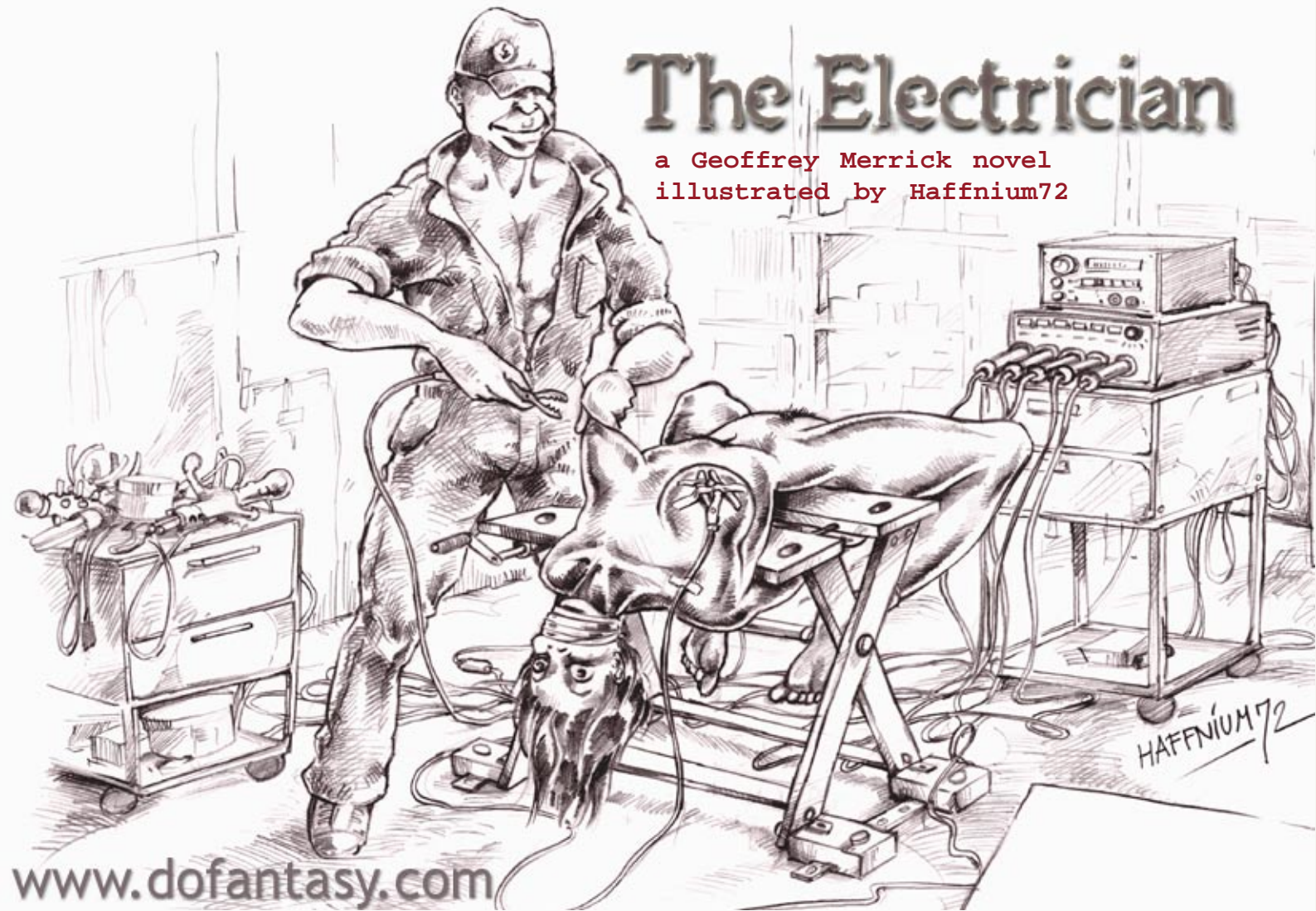
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